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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,

Picked up by a Stroller,
NO. VIII.

MR. EDITOR,—One of my friends who ran away from the cholera, has had his feelings wrought up into poetry. He sent me the following lines a few days since, and I take the liberty to have them published without his consent. He tells me that however eloquently he may have poetised about the charms of a country life, he heartily wishes himself back into the city again.

Yours, &c.

"This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove,
For well I loved beside this stream
In bygone times to rove." Old Ballad.

I know the scene well—
The hollow scooped dell,
Between the broad uplands that lies,
And the mountain that lifts its tall head in the skies;
The stream gaily passes
The wood that it glances,
And shines in the sunset's glow,
Lapsing away, like a dream, in a musical flow.

The old tangled wood,
Thus, thus it hath stood,
A mass of deep foliage green,
Since in childhood I frolicked there, school hours between;
My step hath been oft
On its moss carpet soft,
And often in twilight's dim hours,
In its deepest recesses, I've gathered wild flowers.

The ivied beach seat,
Where I've sat with my feet
Hanging down in the cool dripping stream,
While gay Fancy was building some beautiful dream;
Then the lonely way home,
Through by-paths to roam,
Beneath the dark branches of trees,
That spirit-like rustled and stirred with the breeze.

The uplands and valleys,
The dim forest alleys,
White cottages mantled in green,
With the home-going ploughman, in far distance seen;
The merry wild shout
Of children rings out,
And the bay of the house-dog is heard,
And the last drowsy song of bee, insect and bird.

From the city I've fled,
To escape from the dread
Pestilential disease that is there,
That broods with its sepulchre breath on the air;
From charnel house smell,
And the death tolling bell,
And the voice of the sorrower's wail,
I have come, for the fresh blowing breath of the gale.

The air of the mountain
Is health's rosy fountain,
Pollution comes not on its breath,
Nor sweeps o'er this region the angel of death:—
Yet will my heart sink,
As often I think
On friends in that city of woe,
With the dead ones to meet them wherever they go.

May my soul learn to-night,
To thank Him aright,
Who shields my frail body from harm,
And keeps me away from disease and alarm:
Let me trust in his power,
And pray that the hour
Of danger and doubt be allayed,
That the march of the plague in its strength may be stayed.

The Oil Silk advertised by Messrs. Morange & Davis we know to be well adapted to promote perspiration, and to prove beneficial in all cases where this is required.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXX.

MOODS OF WRITING.—Whether or not the progress of invention be accelerated by consulting the comforts of the body as well as of the mind; whether Bacchus and Ceres are fitting company for the graces and the muses; whether, in short, the grape and the grill are as essential to the concoction of a sublime poem, or a taking tale, as the ardor of enthusiasm and the poignancy of wit, is a great question, which has not yet been decided. Blackstone, we all know, wrote with the bottle; but then, law is proverbially a dry study. Dryden, instead of clampaign, took calomel. Sir Walter writes before breakfast. Byron always wrote at night, backed by every meal in the day.—*The Young Duke*.

EASTERN BARBERS.—Many of this profession in Persia, are very wealthy. Their skill in shaving the heads and trimming the beards of kings and nobles, though highly prized, is subordinate to that which they display as attendants at the warm bath. It is on their superior address in rubbing, punching, joint-cracking, and cleansing the human frame at the *hammam* (baths) that their fame is established.

The luxury of the bath in Persia is enjoyed by all, from the highest to the lowest. These baths are always good and often splendid buildings. They are sought by the lower classes as essential to health in persons who seldom wear, and when they do, seldom change, their under garments. The higher ranks indulge in them to still greater excess, and in their progress through the various apartments of graduated heat, from the outer saloon, to the *hauz* or fountain of the inner bath, they are waited upon by different domestics, who besides aiding to undress and dress them, serve them with every species of refreshment.

Among these attendants the man of most consequence is the *dellak* or barber. For he who has the honor to bathe and shave a king must not only be perfect in his art, but also a man altogether trustworthy; and confidence amongst eastern rulers is usually followed by favor, and with favor comes fortune. The king's barber is called *Kbasterash*—literally "personal shaver."—*Sketches of Persia*.

CEMETERIES.—The Jews have some remarkable fancies concerning their dead. They seem, indeed, to be as much distinguished from their ancestors by the childish and monstrous superstitions with which their literature is filled, as by their firm adherence to that law against which they rebelled so often before it was abrogated. So well, however, are they now persuaded of resurrection, that the name, which they give to a burial place, is *the House of the Living*, an expression finely implying that it is the dead alone who can be said to live truly. The body, according to their notion, has a certain indestructible part called *Lez*, which is the seed from whence it is to be reproduced. It is described as a bone, in shape like an almond, and having its place at the end of the vertebra; and truly this is not more absurd than the hypothesis which assigned the pineal gland for the seat of the soul. This bone, according to the Rabbis, can neither be broken by any force of man, nor consumed by fire, nor dissolved by water; and they tell us that the fact was proved before the Emperor Adrian, upon whom they imprecate their usual malediction, "May his bones be broken!" In his presence Rabbi Joshua Ben Chamma produced a *Lez*: it was ground between two mill-stones, but came out as whole as it had been put in; they burnt it with fire, and it was found incombustible; they cast it into water, and it could not be softened; lastly, they hammered it upon an anvil, and both the anvil and hammer were broken without affecting the *Lez*. The Rabbinical writers, with their wonted perversion of Scripture, support this silly notion by a verse from the Psalms: "He keepeth all his bones, so that not one of them is broken." A dew is to descend upon the earth preparatory to the resurrection, and quicken into life and growth these seeds of the dead. During the pontificate of Urban VIII. a large burial-ground of the Jews at Rome, was broken up to make some new fortifications, and the Jews were particularly anxious to collect all the bones, paying the labourers a dear price for them. But not a single specimen of the *Lez* could they produce to their enemy Bartolucci when he called for it upon so favourable an opportunity.

"Another curious opinion is, that wherever their bodies may be buried, it is only in their own Promised Land that the resurrection can take place, and therefore they who are interred in any other part of the world, must make their way to Palestine underground, and this will be an operation of dreadful toil

and pain, although clefts and caverns will be opened for them by the Almighty. It has been gravely objected to this notion, that although the bodies of the just, after the resurrection, will, according to the opinion of St. Thomas Aquinas, be endued with agility and penetrability, which would enable them to pass through any distance in the twinkling of an eye, and through any substance without experiencing resistance, yet this cannot be predicted of the Jews, whose bodies, they being to rise only for condemnation, will be gross and feeble. Whether it arose from this superstition, or from that love of the land of their fathers which in the Jews is connected with the strongest feelings of faith and hope, certain it is, that many have directed their remains to be sent there. 'We were fraught with woe,' says an old traveller, 'from Constantinople to Sidon, in which sacks, as most certainly was told to me, were many Jews' bones put into little chests, but unknown to any of the ship. The Jews our merchants, told me of them at my return from Jerusalem to Saphet, but earnestly entreated me not to tell it, for fear of preventing them another time.' Sometimes a wealthy Jew has been known to import earth from Jerusalem wherewith to line his grave. This is a point of feeling, not of superstition; but superstition has made the Italians, in old times, import earth from the same country for whole church-yards.

POETRY, PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.—The fine arts can only flourish in the bosom of refinement. They are the latest offspring of the muse. Poetry is her first born, and painting and statuary the youngest of her children, and there has generally been a long interval between the births of the sisters. Poetry may live in sylvan scenes, and with a primitive people; but the arts must be cherished by wealth and taste, and grow in the sunshine of patronage. A poet may chant his verses for his own pleasure, in his own circle; but the painter and sculptor must be stimulated by the gaze and admiration of intelligence and fashion. Poets may make the solitudes vocal with inspired numbers to charm some woodland nymph; but no one ever patiently laid his colours on the canvass, or spent long painful years in chiselling the marble, without looking forward to the hour when his labours would be rewarded by a wreath of fame or a shower of gold.—*Knapp's Lectures*.

THE VILLAGE OF DON QUIXOTE.—He who may hereafter visit La Mancha, in the intention of travelling in the footsteps of Don Quixote, may probably say with me, it is thousand pities that Cervantes has not told us the name of the village in "a certain corner of La Mancha," where "there lately lived one of those country gentlemen who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on a skeleton of a horse to course with a starved greyhound." Cervantes has not, however, left us altogether in the dark as to the corner of La Mancha in which this gentleman lived. El Toboso, the village of his dilectina, lay in its neighborhood, and in the course of one day's ride from his own house, the knight met the merchants on the road from Toledo to Murcia, and the Biscayan and the lady on the road to Seville; and the same day that he quitted home, he encountered the windmills in the neighborhood of Puerto Lapiche. The locality of Don Quixote's village is therefore sufficiently pointed out; and the villages in this part of La Mancha are not so thickly sown, but that with these helps we may even hit upon the precise spot that Cervantes had in his eye when he tells us that "one morning before sunrise, unseen by any body, in the scorching month of July, he buckled on his armour, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back-door of his yard sallied into the field." This village could be no other than Miguel Estevan, situate a league and a half or two leagues from El Toboso: within a day's ride of Puerto Lapiche, and a half day's journey from the road between Toledo and Seville.—*Englishman's Magazine*, 5. 31.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.—The principle of printing, the employment of a solid type or letter, for the purpose of taking an impression by means of a colored pigment—and which is only a variation of the effect produced by the die or seal—was certainly known to the Romans. Stamps, which raised letters, exactly like our printing types, excepting that they are not moveable, and by which the Romans produced short inscriptions, are yet extant. Common tradesmen employed such stamps for printing the labels of their wares. The ancient Visigoths in Spain, printed their "paraphs" or "signs" flourished with knots and monograms, which were affixed to their deeds and chart-

ers. These are instances upon a small scale; but we know of one entire and very important volume produced by the process of printing anterior to the fifth century. The silver letters of the Codex Argenteus. The volumes containing the version of the Gospels, made by Ulfila, Bishop of the Masogoths, were produced by types employed to fix the leaf upon the purple parchment, nearly in the manner now practised by bookbinders. From this stage of printing, for printing it was, though tedious and operose to our present mode, the transition appears most easy. Yet the discovery was not made; and in Europe there was a barrier which could not be passed. Not so in China, where block printing came into active operation within that period, which to us, is the darkest age. There the practice and effects of the arts must have been witnessed by the acute and ingenious Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. This individual was gifted with no ordinary powers of observation; and it might have been expected that the increasing desire for learning which prevailed in his own country, would have induced him to bring back so useful and so profitable a contrivance. Roger Bacon, who had received much information concerning China, describes the process, not in obscure and mysterious terms, but with the utmost plainness and precision of language. Yet he failed to teach the lesson which he had learnt, nor was the disclosure made till the appointed time.—*Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England*.

ANASTASIUS.—It is a thousand pities that the scene of this novel is so far removed from us. Could the humor, the persons, the knowledge of character, and of the world come home to us, in a national, not an exotic garb, it would be a more popular, as it is certainly a more gifted work, than even the exquisite novel of Gil Blas.

One often loses in admiration, at the knowledge of peculiar costume, the deference one have paid to the masterly grasp of universal character.—*Pelham*.

MATTOCKS, THE COMEDIAN, 1765.—To my infant fancy Mr. Mattocks was the *beau ideal* of a hero, and a fine gentleman. I do not know but what his appearance in public was as great a stimulant to my inclination for theatricals as his popularity on the boards. I can remember very well how I used to stand staring at him with a company of kite-flying urchins, as he came smiling down the principal street of a morning to rehearsal at the Portsmouth theatre, arrayed in a gold-lace suit of green and white, with a bag-wig, three-cornered cocked hat, a silver mounted cane, and silver handled hanger. There was such a man-like dignity about him, such a fascinating glitter, and "stand-out-of-the-way" consequence; his feather floating, his skirts flying, his sword dangling, and his stick thumping, as he proceeded. At night, as may be supposed, he increased the charm of the morning by airs of a more popular order. He was a pretty singer, and, with the exception of Vernon, the best acting vocalist I ever saw.—*Bernard's Retrospections*.

ALHAKEN II. OF SPAIN.—Alhaken II. the son and successor of Abderahman, inherited all the great qualities of his father. He was, however, averse to war, fond of tranquillity, and immediately attached to literature. His agents were constantly employed in the East in purchasing scarce and curious books; he himself wrote to every author of reputation, for a copy of that author's works, for which he paid royalty; and whenever he could not purchase a book, he caused it to be transcribed. By this means he collected an extensive library, the unfinished catalogue of which, in the time of Abu Hayyan, reached forty-four volumes. On his accession, that he might devote his chief time to the public administration, yet not neglect interests so dear to him, he confided to one of his brothers the care of his library, and to another the duty of protecting literary institutions, and of rewarding the learned. His reign is the golden age of Arabian literature in Spain.—*History of Spain and Portugal—Cab. Cycle*.

JESUITS.—The order of Jesus has produced both the worst and the best men which the Christian world has ever known—and has, in its successful zeal for knowledge, and the circulation of mental light, bequeathed a vast debt of gratitude to posterity; but, unhappily encouraging certain scholastic doctrines, which by a mind at once subtle and vicious, can be easily perverted into the sanction of the most dangerous and systematized immorality, has already drawn upon its professors an almost universal odium, which, by far the greater part of them, is singularly undeserved.—*Devereux*.

MISCELLANY.

DRIVING A PIG.

From the Atlas.

Many have attempted this difficult operation, and with various success. A few have tried the no less arduous task of properly describing the manœuvre, and with like diversity of result. As the former, in the way of business, is much practised at the West, so from the West we might with propriety expect the most accomplished notices of the subject. We are not disappointed. In the last number of the Illinois Magazine, we have, under the refined title of "Porcellian Speculations," an ingenious article, from which we transfer to the Atlas those portions relating to the art of driving the animal. The writer must have read the story of Paddy's whisper, or his own observation has confirmed the principle that the pig is only to be managed by deceiving him as to your intentions.

"There is one virtue of 'your pig,' resulting directly from the wonderful gift of second sight, whereof it is endowed, which his enemies call obstinacy, but for which his friends have found a worthier name. We allude to his decided aversion to being driven. This is one of his democratical traits. Do you intend him for the shambles? Let me tell you, his eye penetrates the dim future, and sees the glimmer of the fatal knife, as palpably as he is said to discover the spirit of the coming storm, in the deepest blue of the heavens. It is when a slaughter-house is the place of his destination, that the principle above alluded to most strikingly develops itself; it is then, that the genius of obstinacy, so called, seems to have him completely under its thumb.

Suppose your route lie due north; you turn your back upon the south; 'your pig' is ranged in the line of direction; a small cord is attached to his leg, one extremity of which is in your left hand; in your right, is a leather strap. The group is now in a state of repose. Knowing the humors of the pig, you resolve to pursue the course dictated by your knowledge. You softly jerk the cord, tap him gently with the strap, and whisper into his ear those accents of fondness, *whew, whee*. He starts—he moves tardily onward. To accelerate his pace, you renew the tap, and agitate the cord more earnestly than before. The vibrations are transmitted to his leg, thence they pass up the ham and along the flank, until finally, they startle the slumbering spirit. It is aroused. The terrible truth flashes more vividly than ever upon him, that he is, at this very moment, destined for the slaughter. He planks himself firmly upon the earth, and exhibits the strongest possible symptoms of *'non t'ga'*. If the thermometer be ranging between 90 and 100 degrees, your ire begins to kindle. If you have *outh*, you will prepare to *speck* them now. You abandon the strap, and have recourse to the most violent pedal applications. 'Your pig' feels the wounds. His spirit of obstinate determination mounts high. He leaps impetuously to the right, and endeavors to pass you. Your dexterity prevents him. He shifts his course, and rushes headlong to the left; a simultaneous movement on your part, baffles his attempt. His hopes are now resolved to flat despair. He takes a position similar to that which sportsmen term *at bay*. His tail is looking towards the slaughter-house,—his head is directed towards yourself. He is apparently gathering up his energies for one desperate effort. If there be a moment in his whole life full of absorbing interest, it is this. If there be a moment when indignation, deep and passionate, gets the mastery of his philosophy, it is this. All the spirits of demoniac fury which, ere while, precipitated his ancestry from the steep place into the deep, seemed to be concentrated within his single self. His form rises to its full height, and in the language of heraldry, he exhibits the perfect model of the *'sine rampant'*; a crisis is evidently at hand—*dehly is ruin*. If your heart do not faint, you spring desperately forward, seize fiercely upon the prolongation of his dorsal vertebra, and twisting it thrice around your finger, exert your utmost to reverse the position of the animal. Your neighbor, who has been a silent spectator at a distance, is now ready to burst with laughter. You are ready to die with vexation. The grand object of the pig is, to face the south; it is your endeavor to compel him to contemplate the north; and between the antagonist exertions of each party, the mean direction will be about east and west. We will accompany our travellers no further; nor will we attempt, by arithmetical calculation, to determine at what period of time they would arrive at the point proposed. One only suggestion we beg leave to make, by way of moral. If you would drive a Cincinnati pig to the Baltimore market, be sure to direct his face to the west, and give him to understand, by every possible means in your power, that you desire him to move towards the Mississippi.

THE RECLUSE OF THE DESERT.

"I disposed of my property—I quitted the title of courtier—I threw up the character of conspirator, and determined to seek in the variety of travel that excitement which was necessary to my disposition. It is useless to detail to you the adventures which pursued me through the different Courts of Europe—they had little effect upon my destiny.

"It was on one of those gorgeous mornings when the Magi's ancient God, bright as the memory of his old magnificence, had risen over the site of his ruined altars, that I was traversing the wild sands,

which clasp the blue waves of the Persian Gulf, as it were, in a burning zone. Full in his effulgence, the sun lighted up the ruins of a riven temple; and there was that in the glad dance of those beams which played upon the broken pavement and the fallen pillar, that looked like the mockery of a thing eternal over the baffled art of a mighty but not immortal spirit. Around the ruins was a green spot, and hard at hand a living fountain. Thither we were conducted by our sagacious guide, in those regions of honoured name. My companions had long been fainting with the heat and thirst which parched the pilgrims of that pathless way; even the patient beasts that carried us were overcome by the unrelenting haste with which our journey had been pursued. It was resolved to halt for some hours, at the ruin of which I have spoken, and which afforded some shady recesses, that might well afford a repose and shelter for the day.

"Our camels were unloaded—our Arab guards (for we were under the escort of a small body from a neighbouring tribe) rubbed the sweat from their horses' foaming necks, and prepared their ragal repast of unleavened bread. I had retired to a distant part of the ruin, reflecting with a kind, restless satisfaction on the romantic scenes into which my wild disposition for wandering and adventure brought me—catching at times the strains, rude but marvellously musical, with which one of the children of the desert was beguiling his companions. The song ceased; the shout of 'To horse!' was raised; and my faithful servant Arnoff, whom you have so long known, rushing towards me, cried, 'The Arabs! the robbers!'—two terms differing slightly in their signification.

"The spring at which we had halted belonged to a tribe hostile to that of our conductors, and when I arrived at the exterior of the temple, I found it about to be the field of action between the adverse parties. Some of our Arabs were on horseback, waving their long lances, and encouraging one another by shouting the name of their tribe—'Sabaa! Sabaa!' others, crouched among the large masses of marble and stone, were adjusting their firelocks. Those who had been mounted on camels were now on foot, their spears in their hands, and shouting as the rest the war-cry of their clan. My immediate attendants gathered together, were awaiting my orders and presence. I did not at first perceive—for my eye was not trained to the dangers of these deserts—the peril by which we were threatened in the cloud of dust, which, rolling on nearer and nearer, encompassed us on every side.

"It was not long, however, before the tramp of approaching horses—the forest of ostrich feathers, and the wild cry of the advancing enemy, left me no doubt as to the danger of our position. My men were Russians—faithful, and ignorant of fear. We threw ourselves upon our horses, and closely supported by my followers, and shouting their own battle-word, I placed myself at the head of our wild guard.

"There was death-feud between the tribes, and our affray was of the fiercest. Bearing on thro' the midst of the foe, I almost suspended the blows I was dealing to gaze in ecstasy on the picturesque scene before me. The striped mantle waving here and there over the plated cuirass of some ancient Templar—for such these wild people are sometimes found to wear—the graceful mien and spirited posture of the curvetting barb, now turned to avoid the wire-twisted javelin, now urged forward to give effect to the feather-tufted spear—the strange cries with which each warrior, engaged hand to hand, animated his own courage and strove to drown the voice of his adversary—and then the vast desert around, and the temple's reverend relics by which we fought;—the strife and passion of men—the desolation of nature—the stern force of time, all blent and mingled, was enough to awake a wild and terrible gladness in a breast less disposed to rejoice amidst such scenes of strife than mine. Small space, however, was allowed for reflection or regard; and even the brief glance I gave might have been dearly paid for but for the instinctive skill of my steed, who of his own movement avoided the desperate lance-thrust which a grey-bearded Bedouin aimed at me. At the same moment the veteran warrior was struck from his horse, and an Arab's spear had passed through his throat but for a blow of my sword (for there was not time to speak,) which severed it in twain. 'Spare the aged man,' said I—'I am warrant for his ransom;' and by Arnoff's aid, who was at that time a better Arab scholar than myself, I was successful in my intercession.

"The combat was now pretty well decided in our favour; the enemy were flying in different directions, and only fighting in one, where, though hemmed in by superior numbers, they defended themselves with determined spirit. In the middle of this group, a maiden with long fair hair, and mounted on a beautiful barb, snow white, and of the finest race, sat, with a young boy before her; her arm encircling him held the rein of the docile charger, while the urchin clapping his hands, and seeming to enjoy the fray, urged on the combatants by name, and yelled the war-cry of his race with all the shrill vehemence of which his childish voice was capable.

"The valour he excited was, however, in vain; the succour which I and my Russians brought to our friends, already half victorious, bore down all opposition—and those who could not escape were forced to yield themselves prisoners. The maiden and the child were the most eagerly watched and the least easily taken. Arnoff seized the damsel's horse by the bridle, and an Arab was speared who attempted to ride off with the boy.

"Our troop hastily disposed itself in order of march, since we had only fallen in with the vanguard of a party, the whole of which might be expected by evening, if not earlier, at the same spot. The prisoners, carefully secured, were attached to led camels which had been taken from the enemy, and placed in the centre of our band. The damsel, as Arnoff's prisoner, was assigned to my Russians, and treated, according to my orders, as she would have been according to the custom of the Arabs themselves, with every civility and respect. Fancy to yourself a countenance of an exquisite Grecian mould—a nose of the most delicate proportions—lips of the rarest vermilion, rather thicker than those of antiquity, but with the same classic and graceful curve—eyes of a deep but wandering blue, so that you could hardly catch their exact tint, for it melted away, as it were, with the latest emotion they had expressed—a brow high and broad, and a neck so aptly turned and exquisitely fitted to its place, as to give full play to every light and graceful motion of the slender but surely firm to which it was affixed. But it was not the figure or the feature, perfect as each were, but the expression, the carriage (only desert-born,) so free without boldness, so modest without timidity, which gave such a charm to this young creature; and then the strange scene in which I saw her—the wild circumstances under which we had met—the peculiarity of her garb itself—no female had ever before awakened such emotions in my bosom.

"I rode beside her during the whole of the day's journey, and endeavored by every delicate and gentle attention to chase the mingled expression of shame and pride from her face. The old man whose life I had preserved, and the young boy, my fair prisoner's former companion, were placed upon a separate camel, and though strictly watched and guarded, seemed to be treated as persons of peculiar consequence and distinction. Towards night we arrived at an encampment of Sabaa Arabs, the tribe of my conductors; and being now in perfect safety from pursuit, we halted—and I learned from an Arab, who, having been obliged to fly the desert, had accompanied me through most of my Eastern wanderings, the nature and result of our day's adventure.

"Each clan of this race of warriors is commanded in their military and predatory excursions by an hereditary chief (Agyd,) under whom, on these occasions, the Sheikh himself is obliged to serve. It had so happened, that to the tribe which we had that day encountered no males remained of their Agyd's family but one young orphan, who lived under the care of his elder sister. From want of a proper and genuine Agyd, the tribe had been headed on several occasions by the Sheikh (the brave and aged warrior whose lance I had so narrowly escaped,) and always without success. After many losses, then, the Arabs had agreed in opinion, that without their true Agyd they should never be fortunate, and it was therefore resolved that they should ascertain how far that child, to whom the office hereditarily belonged, was fitted for his high station. Accordingly they directed his sister to mount the white steed which had belonged to their ancient and defunct commander, and desired her brother to take his seat behind her, that so he might join the troops who were already on their march. Had he consented to do this, the Arabs would not have thought him sufficiently old or manly to assume the command. But when his sister desired him to take his place at her back, the boy, it seems, had resisted with violence, exclaiming, 'Am I a slave?—must I sit behind a woman?—No! you must mount behind me.' The Arabs accepted the favourable omen, and were marching to do battle against their enemies, when the Sheikh and the young Agyd, accompanied but by a small body of troops, having ridden on hastily, so as to enjoy during noon the freshness of their favourite fountain, fell in with our party, and in spite of the augury under which their enterprise had been commenced, had been dealt with in the manner I have described.

"'Loud will be the wail,' said my informant, 'in the tribe of Beni Lam; heavy and sick at heart will they be—the warriors of the long spear, when they hear of the capture of their venerable Sheikh and the youthful Agyd, the last of his race; neither have they camels or horses such as the tribe of Sabaa will accept as a ransom, for there is little milk in their tents, and many of their horses feed from strange hands; and now have they lost that which is better than the milk of camels, or the speed of horses; the strength of their right arm is broken—their best warriors have bitten the dry sand.'

"The man spoke with emotion, for he belonged to a tribe that had no relation to the feud at issue, and he felt like an Arab of the wide desert, and not as one of the race of Beni Lam or Sabaa.

"I should have been interested by the tale that I had heard, even had it not been for the blue eyes of the Arabian maiden, which however were not without their effect in exciting my sympathy for her tribe.

"And what are to become of our prisoners?" said I.

"The Arabs make no prisoners of those who descend upon them, their lances on their backs and their spear in the air—as enemies they may be plundered and stripped, but they may not be detained as robbers."

"And yet I would have given little for our baggage if they had been victorious; and if those people we are carrying along with us are no prisoners, it is difficult to say what they are."

"They were not prisoners however, or rather I was not intended to keep them as such. Still we had everything to apprehend from pursuit, and had been judged advisable to make those keep company with us who would otherwise be able to point out the direction we had taken, until we arrived at a friendly encampment, or were out of the reach of our vanquished enemy's revenge."

This did not happen for several days, and during that time I was not idle in endeavouring to soften the heart of the fair captive. Not only to herself but to her youthful brother and the old Sheikh, who acknowledged me as the preserver of his life, I commanded my followers to show every attention and respect. Even consoled with the aged chief on the misfortunes of his tribe and the poverty which abridged his means of hospitality—the only source of regret to an Arab. I talked to him of the wild band next whom I was born on the banks of the Dan. I listened to relations of his own exploits, and ere the end of our journey we were on terms of unity that hardly suited our relative situations. Nor with the maiden had I been altogether unsuccessful; my splendid dress, for I wore, as was the custom with travellers, a military uniform; the power which I exercised over my own people, and that carriage which the habit of command gives; the skill with which I managed my well-broken steed, and the soft words sometimes not the less agreeable to woman's ear for being whispered with a foreign and broken accent, had served me well. At length the hour of parting came, but it found me unprepared to part. There was a dew in the damsel's eye, the brave boy wept, and the Sheikh, as I pressed on him the price of the camels that had been lost in the late fray, invited me with tears to the hospitality of his tent.

"It is useless to say how or when, but it was not long ere I found my way thither. I found my way thither in the garb, and with the garb I adopted the habits of their race; nor was it long before my name was known in the songs which speak of the valour of the warrior, and are sung in accompaniment to the rebaba—the wild instrument of the desert. Ay, and a brighter reward soon came; the green branch waved on my head, and my bride was the blue-eyed girl, whom I had first seen on a milk-white barb in the throng of the battle.

"Years passed away in this wild life—the happiest I ever knew. The young Agyd grew to years of manhood, and fortune smiled on the wild adventures of our troop. The old Sheikh still lived, though his eye had grown dim and his arm weak. My gentle Zee, for thus I had christened her, was as lovely and as much beloved as ever, and by her side walked a young boy who yet ate by the side of his mother. Here let me pause and look back, if but for an instant, on this time, the green spot in my existence. Of a high name in my own country, not unknown at its Court, acquainted with the various states for which civilization had done the most, and possessing all that could give me consideration or procure me pleasure in each, I had abandoned my place, not a lonely one, among those who lorded it, as the gentlest, the wisest, the most powerful, over others of the sons of men. I had quitted Europe, its laws, and courtesies—its long hoarded and living knowledge—its high posts and offices—its commands, its empires, for such at that time were to be seized by the ready and audacious hand—to become a desert wanderer—the actor of an insignificant drama, in an obscure and barren nook of the world, without even the pride of race, or the worldly ignorance that endeared their lot to my companions. It boots not why or wherefore, however, but I was happy; whether it was in the excitement that I found in our perpetual warfare and wild enterprises, or in the quiet that awaited me in my tents or in the deep solitude, that awakes strange and mysterious feelings of its own, when I found myself alone, spurring over the wide ocean of sand, amidst which could I see nor tree, nor herb, nor animal—nor aught endowed with the bright spirit of intelligence and life, save it were the stars that shone above me, whispering wild things. Six years I spent, then, in happiness; at least I was free from that burning disquietude, that restless desire after new and strange things, which had hitherto tormented me.

"In the sixth summer the small-pox came to our tents, and my first bitter grief was for the death of my only child. Determined to shake off by exertion the melancholy which in quietude I

could not overcome, I joined a party which was going on a distant expedition, and kissed my wife's forehead with more emotion than was my wont on the occasional absences which were usual to my wild life. On my return, I found a young traveler, who had probably from curiosity made an occasional abode with our tribe. He was an Englishman of noble birth, who, without any other feeling than that which is usual to these islanders, who delight in doing the wildest things with the gravest countenance, had set out from a ball at Almack's for the Arabian deserts. His education had been of the most frivolous description, but he was of an easy nature, possessing that dignity natural to his countrymen, but uniting with it a softness and polish, which, blended together, formed the most noble and fascinating manners.

"Without mentioning my name, which I did not care to make known, I had no hesitation in speaking to him as a European whose taste and circumstances had induced to adopt the habit and the life in which he found me. I was just the person of whom to ask those inquiries which were necessary for the book he had been advised to publish on his return; and I confess that the communications he brought with him of a world from which I could hardly consider myself irrevocably divided, were not without their interest.

"Less had been necessary to form an intimacy, and our mornings, which are long to those who do not play at draughts, in an Arab tent, were spent together in conversation. Though I had in many things adopted the customs of the people among whom I dwelt, yet my love for my wife as well as the more civilised notions of my European education, prevented me from allowing her to be employed in those domestic and menial offices which would have awaited her merely as an Arab's wife. My exploits, my hospitality, and generosity permitted me to regulate the economy of my family according to my own fashion, without exciting the reproach or jealousy of my comrades; and I had transported something of the ease and luxury of the town into the arrangement of my desert tent.

"What drudgery there might be was performed by slaves, and the Russians who had remained with me. With my wife I lived as with an equal; and it had been my dearest and fondest task to add to that fancy and elevation of soul which is the inheritance of an Arab maid, those elegant accomplishments and that more refined thought which embellish the weaknesses of our less artless ladies. Most fatally had I succeeded; and on rendering her different from those by whom she was surrounded, I had placed her alone in the midst of her long-cherished companions. My new acquaintance, the Englishman, was necessarily much in the company of my wife, nor did he in the remotest degree excite my jealousy. Zoe was much too gentle to my will to make me doubtful of her love. Besides, I felt myself in every way superior to this young Lord; and the greater was my contempt for the one, the stronger it (which was not the case) the shadow of coming events had crossed my mind, would have been my confidence in the other. My absences now, rarely long, were still frequent; Arnolf accompanied me in them, and during these absences the stranger was by my express desire a frequent visitor of my tent. I felt too late that I had created a solitude round Zoe, and I was glad in my absence to think that there was anything or any one to render it less dreary.

"One evening I was returning from an expedition which had been unsuccessful; Arnolf had received that wound which has made him halt ever since; I had been slightly hurt, and my favourite mare, the most graceful, the most gentle and faithful of creatures, had met with a lance-thrust, and I was leading her forward with a faint hope that, if I could but get her as far as our encampment, she might yet recover. But a quarter of a mile from my tent, after a vain effort to keep up by my side, the poor animal dropped on the sand and died, as one of my hands supported her head, licking the other. I could not repress the tears that gathered to my eye, nor did I strive to do so, and to do my faithful follower justice he seemed less sensible to his own affliction than to the fate of my poor mare. I was still lingering by her, and thinking of the sorrow that I should give Zoe in the news of her death, for she was a girl of the very milk-white animal (since dead) in which my wife was mounted at our first meeting, when I heard the sounds of a horse approaching at full speed, and ere I could instinctively seize my spear, the Agyd was by my side. With his youth I had lived on the dearest terms of brotherhood and friendship, and his affection for me was heightened by that kind of devotion which sometimes felt for one older than ourselves, and in whom we imagine there is that knowledge and experience which all men willingly obey. In an instant he was on foot and by my side. "Go not in your tent, oh, my friend," he said, "that of your faithful brother is to the right."

"I was startled by the deep and hurried tones of his voice—I looked up in his face, the moon shone full upon it, and fearful was the expression of those dark eyes, terrible the contraction of that sweet brow, and the convulsive muscular struggle

that was taking place throughout the whole of the young man's countenance.

"Zoe," said I with a tremulous and hardly utterable exclamation:—

"Is—false! and you are avenged." * * *

GOING TO THE SOUTH.

From the *Illinois Magazine*.

Was there ever a Yankee, who wished always to remain at home?—Who was willing to settle down in the land of his fathers, content to know no more of the world, than may be learned from an ordinary library, or in journeying to the next market town, and to vegetate on his paternal acres, with the cattle, horses, and pigs of the establishment? Was there ever one, who had not a 'terrible notion to see how things went in other parts,' and did not feel a kind of itching, to try his hand at driving a bargain in the West, or at the South? In short, was there ever one of the whole race, who had not an Ishmaelish fondness for roaming about the world, in search of curiosities and speculations? The Kentuckians are afraid of them, the Carolinians hate them, and

"The Virginians look upon them with a favorable eye,"
—A. Gabriel on the devil in paradise."

That propensity for novelty, with which nature has endowed our species, has fallen with a double portion on this enterprising people. They unite the perseverance of the German, with the facility of the Frenchman, in conforming themselves to circumstances, and retain, withal, a large share of that independence and obstinacy, so legitimately derived from their John Bull forefathers. With these qualities, they have become the leading business men in British North America—they appropriate the New England states exclusively to themselves—they are numerous and respectable in New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland—they are the merchants of the whole south—and four-fifths of the influential men in the western states, can trace their origin to New England.

Of the individuals composing these swarms, which are constantly issuing from the northern hives, many go forth, so deeply imbued with the principles in which they were nurtured, as to be governed by them in after life, and become the pillars of society wherever they reside. Others recede from that strictness of conduct so universally ascribed to the puritans, and maintain a sort of middle ground, (if there is such a thing,) between morality and vice. They are ready for any speculation which promises success, and seem perfectly indifferent whether they

"Are meddling

With books, law, physic, merchandize, or peddling,"
so long as they do it upon a "con-sid-er-a-tion."

A third class consist of those, who 'have gone out from them, but are not of them.' These are they, who have, by their conduct, brought so much opprobrium on the name of Yankee. Many of these are persons of education and respectable connexions; but, in leaving New England, they appear to have left all moral restraint behind them. At their outset, they believed that they had only to go into the southern or western states, and signify their pleasure, to become any thing they chose, without the least regard to the sufficiency of their acquisitions. Here, for a time, they hang upon the skirts of society, waiting to jump into the fortune, or the honorable station, which their imaginations had pictured, and which they believed to be their just due, until they are unwillingly convinced that their hopes are preposterous. Forgetting their own deficiencies, and attributing their ill success entirely to the country and its inhabitants, who are too stupid to gratify expectations which no reasonable man could have formed, they pour out their anathemas upon both, and float down the river, or wander across the country, to New Orleans, where they join the off-scouring of our country—are to be found in every home of vice, and finally die there, detested by all who know them; or make their escape into the neighboring republic of Mexico, that modern asylum for every fugitive from justice. Such has been the course of many, whose talents were worthy of a nobler fate; who might have been ornaments to society, and benefactors to their species, had they not, with apparent deliberation, determined to become the scourge of both.

Here, thought I, as I sauntered through one of the burial grounds of New Orleans, have been deposited the earthly remains of many, who have fed the torch of parental hope, in distant scenes; who cast off, as they believed, for a season only, those tendrils of affection,

"Which round another's bosom twine,"

to seek in this unhealthy clime, the wealth that was to adorn some calm retreat, wherein they hoped to spend their after-life; and here, alas! they found their graves—the calm retreat to which we all are hastening. In reading the inscriptions, I could not but remark the small proportion of native inhabitants; but every state of our Union, and almost every nation of Europe, had furnished their representatives, to this sepulchral congress. The Englishman and the Frenchman, forgetting their national antipathies, here rest in quiet, by each other's side; the bearded Russian, and the cat-like Italian, sleep undisturbed in one common grave; and the Swede, the Dane, the Spaniard, and the German, unmindful of the balance of European power, lie in unnatural confusion over the whole ground.

I read upon a tomb, the name of N— R—. I knew his history. He was born in Massachusetts, and was one of nature's noblemen. Flattering prospects drew him from his home, and here, in a land of

strangers, he died among friends. His tomb was elegantly simple, and the weeping willow which mourned over it, trained with apparent care, told that, though no kindred hand was near him, there were those in the city, whom friendship brought to honor his lifeless ashes. Near him, a rude inscription on a board, raised in imitation of a head-stone, marked the resting place of another individual, from the same state, concerning whom I learned, that from respectability at home, he had come here, fallen into dissipation, become a walking depot of vice, and died unblest, unhonored, and unlamented. 'Tis too true, thought I, that my countrymen exhibit some of the vilest, as well as some of the noblest specimens of human nature; and he, who judges of the whole, by the character of an individual, may do us great injustice. As I made this reflection, I turned to the rows of tombs, or rather ovens for the dead, which occupy the side of the yard, and saw, scratched on the mortar spread upon the brick which closed the mouth of one of these repositories, as if by the hand of some unpractised limner, the words "C— M—". The tomb appeared to have been recently closed, but there was no inscription, to tell the date of the death, the age, or the birth-place of its inhabitant. The name was that of a college classmate, for whom I had made fruitless inquiry in the city. We had formerly corresponded; but since he came to New Orleans, he had written me only once, and that immediately after his arrival here. I had little doubt that he rested in the tomb before me, and resolved to prosecute my inquiries, until this point was fully determined. The sexton, an old mulatto, who spoke bad French, and worse English, could give me little information, farther than that he had buried him, and had been paid for it by a gentleman from the city, who engaged the tomb of him; but who this gentleman was, or where he lived, it did not concern him to know, until he should come, in his turn, under his gloomy charge. So I returned to my lodgings, thinking of the fate of my friend.

C— M— was born in New Hampshire. His parents saw, or imagined they saw, in their C—, early indications of genius, and therefore determined, notwithstanding the narrowness of their income, to educate him for a learned profession. C— was not, perhaps, all that these good people had fondly supposed; but they had never the disappointment of discovering their mistake. Both of them paid the debt of nature before their son had completed his first collegiate year, leaving him almost entirely to the guidance of his own inclinations. He mourned their loss sincerely; but time and his own buoyancy of spirits, completely eradicated his grief. C— possessed talents which would have made him respectable in any profession. His readiness in acquiring, had made his attainments considerable; but, like many others, he did not love study. His colloquial powers were acknowledged, and his society was sought after by his acquaintance. C— M— was universally declared to be 'a real good fellow,' and this appellation was applied to him so frequently, even in his own hearing, that he began to believe in the legitimacy of his claim to the character it described. He was easily persuaded, that college study was a useless labor. It was much pleasanter to study character from those around him; to be a prince among good fellows in college, or a beau among the ladies of the vicinity; and C— M— became a student of pleasure. No frolic in college, and no party out of it, was complete without his participation. He lost the little inclination for study he had ever possessed, became irregular in his attendance on the appointed exercises of his class, and the occasional expostulations of his instructors completed his disgust with every thing belonging to a college.

In the early part of his junior year, C— became of age, and he did what he had never done before. He thought of his situation. An application of arithmetic soon convinced him, that his funds would not long support him, in his present extravagant course. He was too honest to follow the example of many around him, and contract debts which he was unable to discharge; he was too proud to enter upon a system of 'retrenchment and reform,' before the eyes of his numerous acquaintance; he had no rich old uncle, to whom he might apply for assistance; and, as the only resort which would square with his reason and inclination, C— M— took an honorable dismissal from college. He now felt the necessity of doing something for himself. He had heard of the good success of some of his acquaintance at the South; and to the South he determined to go, without having formed any definite idea of the condition of the country, and without any settled plan for his advancement, when he should arrive there. He had, to be sure, an indefinite, dreamy notion of making a great man at the South, some day or other; but by what means, he had not fully determined, nor had he even reflected that the same labor and care are necessary to the acquisition of greatness at the South as elsewhere.

We have high authority for saying, that 'a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.' Some people carry this idea into the common concerns of life, and go so far as to believe, that the reputation of an individual increases in the same ratio, as his distance from the place of his nativity. This is probably the reason why Captain Cook, and other distinguished voyagers, have been held in such high estimation by those islanders who were nearly the antipodes of their own countrymen; and, consequently, the greatest possible distance from them. Of this way of thinking, was C— M—; and his ambition leading him to aim at something exalted—to be a member of

Congress at least—he took care to place many a long mile between him and the granite mountains of his native state. He went to Alabama, trusting, perhaps, that the sickly seasons, or other kind misfortunes, would carry off all who stood in his way to eminence, while his own most favored head would escape unharm, from every danger; so true it is that

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

His first object, on arriving in the state of his temporary adoption, was to procure employment, which would afford a temporary support, and leave him at liberty to secure a more permanent and lucrative situation, whenever one might offer.

Yankees run to school-keeping, as naturally as new hatched alligators to the water; and our adventurer, of course, was soon surrounded by a tribe of young hopefuls, who were destined to become the future cotton planters of their native state. And verily, C— M— thought their heads were already upon cotton planting, or something else beside their studies, for he found it a most difficult task to confine their attention to their books. Southern children may be quite as gifted by nature, but they don't break in to study so naturally as Yankees. The boys liked the humor of their pedagogue, and their parents liked his intelligence. They treated him with kindness, never forgetting that he was a Yankee, and, therefore, might be a rascal. But C— knew nothing of this opinion. He was pleased with the kindness he received, and his time passed pleasantly on.

If he did not find that perfect refinement among the southerners, which his imagination had pictured, their frankness of manner fully compensated for its absence. With the name of 'southern planter,' C— had associated wealth, idleness, and a life of unceasing pleasure. He had supposed them gentlemen by birth, and education; chivalric, even to romance, and generous to a fault. But he found them toiling, calculating, plodding mortals, like those he had left in his own state; who, although they did not put their own hands to the plough, found a more troublesome employment, in providing for, and directing, those who did; who found an equivalent for the care of which their overseers relieved them, in watching over the conduct of these leading servants. He saw them dependent on a race of beings, who were bound to them by no tie of interest, and who seldom failed to take advantage of the trust, thus necessarily reposed in them. He saw them forming visionary schemes, which they were totally unable to execute, and obliged to throw down airy castles, to build others more disproportioned upon their ruins. He saw their lives burdened with continual care, which they were ever attempting to escape, in the race course, the chase, or the wine cup; and perceived them always ready to dive into the whirlpool of politics, and strive as earnestly to secure the election of a favorite Justice of the Peace, as they would have done to advance the cause of their own candidate for the Presidency of the Union. But with all their peculiarities, C— liked him. He found for them, in his own breast, a sympathy of feeling. He saw that their professions of friendship were always to be trusted; and he knew that their vows of revenge would be equally regarded. With their false notions of honor, his unthinking mind was ready to concur; and he would have been as willing to resort to the pistol or the sword, for the adjustment of difficulties, as any southerner of them all. With the native ease and elegance of the southern ladies, C— was particularly charmed. Their conversation was chaste, unaffected, and amusing. They were most agreeable companions; but, with all this in their favor, C— secretly determined, and why, he could hardly tell, to seek his own wife among the blushing maidens of the north. C— now determined to become a lawyer, and to devote those hours which were not spent in school, or more pleasantly employed, to the study of that noble profession. Considering the little time which this would include, his progress was considerable. He learned the difference between a fee-simple and a fee-tail, between a joint-tenancy and a parcenary; between a parole contract and a specialty, and various other abstruse matters; for a particular account of which, I will refer my readers to the works of Sir William Blackstone, Knt., one of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

Time rolled on, and in its course, rolled more cash into C—'s pocket, than law into his brain. Strange as it may seem, he was sensible of this inequality; and to restore things to their proper equilibrium, he determined to go to New Orleans, that theatre for talents of every description—and C— had full confidence in his own powers—to study the civil law, and the Louisiana code, enter the practice in that city, and acquire wealth and reputation *ad libitum*.

Like other strangers, C— M— had formed an erroneous opinion of the population of New Orleans. He believed them to be a thoughtless, dissipated class of beings, who made money easily, and spent it as carelessly. He had yet to learn, that there is not a better informed, more industrious, and thorough going set of individuals in the United States, than the business men of New Orleans; men who labor unceasingly during the colder months, and spend their summers in pleasant and refined recreation. He had been told that New Orleans was extremely dissipated; but he had not been informed, that the line of distinction between the business and the dissipated portions of this community, was as distinctly defined, as that between the black and the white population of the city. 'Tis true, there are individuals standing between these two extremes, who, like the mulattoes and quadroons

of our simile, claim their connexion with both parties; but their number is small; and the merchant or the lawyer, who is seen to frequent the gaming house, or other resort of vice, soon finds himself disregarded by his fellows, and his name dishonored in responsible transactions. Thus much of the character and course of C—M—, my early acquaintance and subsequent correspondence, enabled me to recall; of his conduct in this city, I knew nothing.

The next morning I went to the court-house, hoping to find by inquiry, the lawyer, with whom C—M— studied. Soon after I entered, some claims against C—M—'s estate were brought forward for adjustment. His landlord, his physician, and his undertaker, were present, and I soon discovered that the deceased was, as I had conjectured, my former class-mate. Mr. G—, a lawyer of eminence, with whom he had studied, took charge of his effects, and appeared to attend with fidelity to the interest of the estate. As Mr. G— left the court-house, I introduced myself to him, as an intimate friend of the deceased. He was glad to find some one who could give him information respecting his former pupil, and immediately invited me to accompany him to dinner. During my visit, he told me that Mr. M— had entered his office nearly a year before, and had been induced, by his representations, to commence, for the first time in his life, a severe and systematic course of study. He who had been thoughtless among the industrious scholars of the North, and idle among the planters of the South, became a diligent student in a city which every stranger considers as totally unfitted to produce such a change.

Months rolled on, and he was still at his task. His progress was rapid, and he now appeared to be in the direct path to the eminence he coveted. He made few acquaintances, and almost entirely neglected his correspondents. About a month before my arrival in the city, he had been arrested by a bilious attack, which carried him off in a few days, and his remains had been deposited in the tomb I had already discovered. It was remarkable that C—M— had never informed any one of the address of his connections; his papers had been searched in vain for this information, and the gentleman who had introduced him to Mr. G—, only knew that he was from some part of New Hampshire. The notices of his death, which had been circulated through the newspapers, had brought no inquiries from his relations. His property, as I had seen in the morning, was no more than sufficient to discharge the demands against his estate; having a few valuables, which Mr. G— was anxious to transmit to those who would prize them most highly; and this, my information enabled him to do. We drained a glass to the memory of our departed friend, and I left Mr. G— to return to the burial ground. I purchased a bouquet of flowers as I went to place on C—M—'s tomb, and I silently prayed, as I adored his cheerful resting place, that my own ashes might never rest in this disgusting gulf, and that my eyes might not be closed by the hand of strangers.

I am ambitious of reputation, and desirous of wealth; but all that New Orleans can offer, would not induce me to lay my bones in that burial ground, to be vented by the croaking toad, or twined about by shrewy reptiles. I would willingly live in that city; but, when my appointed hour shall come, Heaven grant that I may sleep amid the green hills of my own New England. Others have not my feelings. Every year witnesses the fate of hundreds, who go to the South—to die.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1832.

MARVELS IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

Persons, who are fond of the marvellous, have discovered something very wonderful in the atmosphere, and the quality of the light, about these cholera times. It is entirely different, say they, from what we ever saw before—the sky is so white, and the sun is so blue! And then the stars, what a countenance they exhibit in the night. Why the heavens are actually as spotted as a leopard. Then there's a sort of feeling in the atmosphere which was never felt before—a sort of—of—a kind of a strange, unaccountable, indescribable, unfeeling kind of a feeling, as it were, that has some sort of a connexion somehow or other with the cholera.

Among other marvels, of these lovers of the marvellous, is that of certain *animalcules* in the air, which they say is crowded full and running over; inasmuch that if you are walking, or riding, or sitting, or standing, and dare so much as to breathe or open your mouth, you incontinently swallow or inhale innumerable of these same villainous, intrusive, detrimental, and infectious *animalcules*, that give you the cholera, unless you drink plentifully of *aqua-vita* to destroy those in your stomach, and inhale the fumes of camphor, tar and brimstone to kill those that have found their way into your lungs.

Among other modes of testing this animalcular state of the atmosphere, is that of hoisting a piece of fresh beef on the top of a steeple, or sending it aloft on the tail of a kite, when the little, infernal, greedy, choleric critters dive forthwith into the piece of beef;

and, in less than two minutes, ten thousand times ten thousand are found feasting and revelling in its heart's core. And if they produce so sudden and marvellous an effect on a piece of innocent fresh beef, what must they not do with a human being, who at best is but of few days and full of the Old Nick!

Persons, concerned in making these experiments and discoveries, may be called marvellous philosophers. Next to these are the marvellous credulous, who faithfully believe every thing that is asserted by the marvellous philosophers; and the more improbable a thing is, the more faithfully they believe it. Of this class are most, if not all, those judicious persons who believe that the moon is made of green cheese, that cattle kneel at midnight on Christmas eve, and that pigs and wall-eyed horses see the wind.

"Ave you noticed the wonderful phenomenon in the hair?" said an Englishman to us the other day.

"Hair?" said we, honestly, "whose hair?"

"Oose hair!" exclaimed he, rather angrily—"why, oose hair is the hair? I mean the hair as we breathe."

"The hair as we breathe! Oh, ah, I understand you now—you mean the air—the atmosphere."

"Yes, yes, the atmosphere, I mean. Avn't you noticed many thing wonderful him it?"

"Nothing, I assure you."

"Well, I ave, and so as hall my neighbors. We first read it him the papers, and we discovered the phenomenon has clear has day."

"What is it?"

"Why, hit's a kind of a sort of a strange, lunacountable, indescribable, himvisible, kind of a strange sort of a hair as was never eard of before. I should like to hoccupy a corner of your paper with a bit of a harticle on the subject, if you please. I think I can give your readers some hinsight into the subject, if you will allow me the hopyright."

"Is your article written?"

"No, but I'll ave it ready very soon."

The marvellous Englishman went away to prepare his harticle, as he called it, and presently a marvellous old lady accosted us, and wished to know if we had seen the "*annamilkulars*."

"What are those?" said we, making use of the Yankee privilege, of answering one question by asking another.

"I don't know what they are," she replied, "but I understand they're little invisible critters that have been seen by the file-officers, ever since the cholera come among us."

"How could they be seen, if they were invisible?"

"That's more than I know; but I understand ten million hundred thousand on 'em has been seen at one time, kicking, and crawling, and scratching; and that moreover they carried off a piece of roast beef to the tip top of Trinity steeple—some says 'twas St. Paul's, and others says 'twas St. John's—I don't know low that is, but I'm credibly informed 'twas some steeple or another, and a pretty high one too. Well, what do you think the little tormented annamilkulars did with it when they got it up there?"

"They dined upon it, I suppose."

"No; I understand they tore it into a million of flitters in less than half a minute, and then scattered it to the seven winds. They say these nasty annamilkulars gets into people's throats and stomachs, and gives 'em the cholera. And I shouldn't wonder if it was so. Only think, if they could carry off a piece of roast beef, to the top of a steeple, and then tear it into flitters in a minute, what tearing work they must make when they get into a person's insides! The mussy on me! I don't wonder that people has the grips and the episms, with sich tormented critters tearing 'em every which way. I should die off hand, I know I should."

"Have you had any symptoms of the cholera?"

"None to speak on. I've been very careful to keep my mouth shut, ever since I heard about the annamilkulars. Don't you think it's prudent to do so?"

We assured the good woman that such was our entire belief; whereupon she ceased speaking, and presently took her leave.

We would recommend it to the reader to follow the old lady's precaution—at least so far as to keep the mouth shut on all proper occasions; for, whatever they may think of the "*annamilkulars*," one thing is certain, the imprudent opening of the mouth has been the cause of death to thousands.

AN ODD CHAPTER OF CHRONICLES.

1. And it came to pass in those days, that a strange and terrible disease afflicted the land.

2. It fell upon men, women, and children; racking them with fierce pains, and burning them with inward heat, while they did freeze outwardly.

3. And they turned purple, and suddenly gave up the ghost; and they carried them out and buried them in heaps in a place called Potter's Field.

4. They buried them also in sundry other places,

insomuch that the earth seemed bursting with the grave.

5. And great fear fell upon the living; and many forsook their trades and their merchandize, and fled with all haste to the hills and the mountains.

6. And they knew not their brethren nor their familiar acquaintance: for fear had rendered men savage, and hardened their hearts one towards another; and they thought only of saving, each man, his own life.

7. Albeit there were some who did not flee in the general consternation; but remained to give succor and comfort to the afflicted; putting their lives in their hands, and their hands in their pockets, for the benefit of their brethren.

8. There was a priest, a devout man, named Hinton, who turned not aside, night nor day, from the good work; and he died, and his wife also, and his little ones; and they were all carried to the same grave; and the love of the people followed them.

9. And many other priests there were, who valued life as nothing, so that they might do good and comfort their people in the hour of distress.

10. And the physicians also were instant in season and out of season; waiting by the bed-side of those that were sick; and attending to such as had neither gold nor silver to give them.

11. But there were some, both of priests and physicians, who turned their backs upon the distressed, and fled with the rest of those who ran away to escape the pestilence.

12. Howbeit, the people remembered them.

13. And it came to pass that there was much jarring of opinion; and men's minds were divided concerning the disease: some saying it was contagious, and given by one person to another; and others again, that it was not contagious, but only carried from one place to another by the power of the air.

14. Of this last class were the physicians, and most men of learning and observation.

15. But the people would not give heed to their medical advisers; The disease is catching, said they; and so they turned their backs on their brethren in the hour of need.

16. The rulers of cities also set up their opinion against the opinion of the doctors: saying, Are we not men in authority? and do we not know best?

17. And they passed a decree, called a quarantine, forbidding the destroying angel to come among them; and shutting their doors against such as were sick, and in need of help.

18. Now there was, a couple of days' journey to the eastward, a little island called Newport, wherein were green fields, and likewise old houses ready to fall to the ground.

19. And the rulers of the island said, Verily the pestilence shall not touch our borders.

20. And they set armed men along the coasts, saying unto them, Drive away, we strictly charge you, all such vessels as come from the city of Gotham, where we understand the disease prevaileth.

21. And the armed men drove the vessels from their coasts.

22. And the captain of one of them said, Nay, but we will land somewhere.

23. And so he steered his vessel further eastward, to a place called Somerset.

24. But, lo! the people of that place, all such as durst by reason of the fright, came out and said, Nay, but ye shall not land here, except ye give bonds not to stop, nor look to the right nor the left, until ye come to the city of Boston, a half a day's journey from hence.

25. So the captain of the vessel gave bonds; and, after some hours, the people were permitted to land, not at the usual landing-place, but a little way off, in a field of standing corn.

26. And the women and children of the place, when they saw them, lifted up their voices and cried aloud, by reason of the fear that was upon them; and they ran and hid themselves from the sight of the strangers, even as a partridge hideth itself from the face of man.

27. And fear and terror spread over all the land; and many people gave up the ghost out of very fright.

28. But the rulers were slow to learn wisdom; and while they neglected to purify their cities, trusting to their decrees of quarantine, the destroying angel hovered over, and smote his victims.

29. Howbeit, his sword mostly fell upon the drunken and the unclean, and such as made a god of their belly.

30. Nevertheless the living repented not; but rather gave themselves up the more to their untoward appetites.

"It be an ill wind dat blow nowhere," We have quoted this wise saw of Cato Cuffee's, in reference to the Post-office of this city, which is said to have done twice as much business as usual since the arrival of the cholera.

ENIGMA.

It dwells in the city, it lives in the plain,
It clings to the idle, the silly, and vain;
In disputes of each kind 'tis aye to be seen,
It comes in betwixt, but not in between;
It takes part with the wife, but ne'er with the man,
It is seen in the flirt of a lady's fan;
It flies with the bird that skims o'er the lea,
It swims with the fish that darts through the sea;
It glows in the iris that spans the blue sky,
It flaunts in the tulip of various die;
It is banished from hope, but lives in each wish;
It is thrust from the table, but comes in the dish;
It dwells in each mountain, it lives in each hill,
It flows in each river, it runs in each rill;
It is found in the fire, but not in the heat,
Is found in the swindler, but not in the cheat;
It is found in Virgil, Milton, and Blair,
It is found in Moliere, Racine, and Voltaire;
It mounts with the ivy that climbs on the wall,
It towers with the pine so proper and tall;
In the fierce wintry winds it rages and thies,
In the mild airs of spring it's soft music sighs;
It comes in the lightning, it comes in the rain,
It comes in the ship that glides o'er the main;
It comes in each item of the lawyer's bill,
It comes in the liquid which flows from my quill;
It comes in the noise of the merry bell's chime;
It will come in each thing to the end of time.

CHANGE IN OFFICE.

Many people seem to suppose that offices are instituted for the sole benefit of individuals; and they thus argue: "If the office be worth any thing, let every man take his chance of the profits." To this they add a counterpart: "But if the office be burdensome, then each one ought to take his turn in bearing the burden." This latter clause of the argument is, however, merely thrown in as a balance to the former; for few men are so unfortunate as to be obliged to hold an office, *volens volens*; and twenty persons are, in most cases, desirous of taking the burden upon them, where one is ready to lay it down.

But those who argue as above, have a wrong idea of the design of offices—except sinecures, of which our government happily knows nothing. Offices are designed for public, not for private benefit; they are made to subserve the interests of the whole, and not merely for the sake of the individual holders. The fulfillment of an office is a service, for which the incumbent is barely supposed to be paid. He is a servant of the people, and is no more indebted to them for the office, than they are to him for filling it—provided he do so in an able and faithful manner.

To hold out offices as rewards, or as prizes to combatants in the political arena, is to lose sight of the public benefit, and look only to the interest and emolument of individuals. It is making an office much the same as a barrel of sweet cider, around which the boys congregate in crowds, each with his tube of rye-straw, to take his turn in sucking at the bung-hole. They quarrel and fight to see which shall have the first suck; and torn jackets, thumps, and scratches, are apt to be the consequence.

If there be certain offices of profit, but a small number of individuals, compared to the whole, allowing changes to be very frequent, can ever take their turn in holding them. The only rational question for the people, then, is, and must be, What individuals will best fill these offices? and not, How long have the incumbents held their places? It is a maxim with all good and judicious householders, never to dismiss a capable and faithful servant, as long as they have occasion for his services; inasmuch as new hands are apt to be awkward, and may possibly turn out dishonest.

A GREAT TALKER is seldom a great thinker, or a man of much knowledge. He may indeed appear to superficial observers, and sometimes to strangers, to be a man of extraordinary parts and erudition. These persons are apt to be deceived by the readiness and dexterity, if we may so speak, with which he handles the amount of knowledge he does possess. He is like a merchant who contrives to make a great show upon a little capital: he may deceive for a while, but his want of bottom is at length discovered.

Great talkers usually talk the same things over and over again. This gives them an advantage before strangers, because, by frequent repetition, they become exceedingly perfect in their lesson. Herein they resemble the pupils of a school, who are well drilled for an examination day. As long as they are confined to the parts in which they are purposely prepared to shine, they appear to admiration; but turn them aside a little, and they presently stumble and fall.

A DELICATE APPROACH.—A lawyer, in Vermont, having to sum up a cause, spoke for nearly half an hour without coming to the point. At last the Court

beginning to be weary, hinted to him, that time was precious, and that it might be well enough for him to speak to the subject in hand.

"Why, may it please your honor," said the lawyer, "I wished to approach the subject as delicately as possible."

"If so," returned the judge, "you have succeeded admirably, for you have not yet come within gunshot of it."

TANGIBLE REPENTANCE.—A merchant of this city, a day or two since, received a letter, of which the following is a transcript:—

"REPENTANCE
\$10."

The sincerity of this very laconic epistle was proved by the enclosure of a ten dollar bill. The recipient has no suspicion from whom it could come. It is, however, real tangible repentance, which makes restitution for an injury, and that without any motive of fear or favor.

CRUELTY OF THE OLD CRIMINAL LAW.—Formerly, and even up to the year 1772, in England, when a felon refused to plead, he was stretched out upon his back at full length, and a heavy weight laid upon his breast, which was gradually, though slowly, increased till he expired; during which operation he was fed with nothing but a crust of bread and some dirty water.

LARGE FROGS.—Mrs. Trollope, and other modern travellers, are not the only ones who have told prodigious stories relating to America. One Josselyn published a book, in London, in the year 1672, wherein, speaking of the productions of New England, he says:—"Some frogs, when they sit upon their breast, are a foot high, and some as long as a child one year old." How would a Frenchman's mouth water at the sight of such frogs!

VALEUDINARIAN BUGS.—The North American Review contains a pleasant article on Insects. It says:—"There are some valeudinarian bugs, which consume large quantities of drugs and medicines; though, so far as we can learn, their custom is little in request by the apothecaries. The *sinobendron pusillon* takes rhubarb; there is a kind of beetle which eats musk; and the white ants are well known to be in the habit of chewing opium."

GRAHAM BREAD.—We understand the pigs of New York complain bitterly, since that composition of bran and yeast, ycleped 'Graham Bread,' has come so much in vogue. Formerly, among other fragments from the table, they got many a slice of fine wheat bread, and lived very decently. Now, alas! they have little left them but the vile Graham bread, which is deemed absolutely too coarse for the pigs.

THEATRICALS.—Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny were to embark for this city in July; Mr. Price having made an engagement with them to perform in the principal theatres of the United States for one year. Wallack, and Keene the vocalist, are also expected soon. The next theatrical campaign, therefore, is likely to open brilliantly.

RUE D'ENFER.—The street, in which M. de Chateaubriand was lately arrested, in Paris, is called Rue d'Enfer (*Hell-street*). This is precisely such a street as one would suppose treason might be hatched in. But we have no idea the noble writer and statesman is guilty of the charge; and we should suppose he would feel very much obliged to the officers of government for removing him from a street that bears so infernal a name.

SPURZHEIM, the great Craniologist, has arrived in this city from Europe. Bumps are likely to be in great demand; and will probably rise fifty per cent.

THE MALE OURANG OUTANG, who lately arrived in this country, is reported to have died of the cholera. If this be true, it is but another proof that this disease does not always spare distinguished characters.

STEAMBOATS OF THE WEST.—There are on the Mississippi, and its tributary streams, about two hundred and twenty Steamboats; measuring fifty thousand tons; and costing between three and four millions of dollars.

DISCOURAGING.—"We shan't have cucumbers enough this year," says the Gardener's Standard, "to give a decent man the cholera."

An advertisement, which in one of our daily papers costs but thirty dollars per year, in London would cost about nine hundred.

Six convicts escaped from the State Prison in Concord, N. H. on the 15th ult. One of them was a man 77 years of age.

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

O where is that dear spirit fled
So fraught with love and grace?
And must we number with the dead
That cheris'd form and face?
Yes, they have pass'd; and we are left,
With nought but Memory's aid,
To steal from all that Death hath reft
An image not to fade.
And yet I would not call thee back
To mix again with woe,
To feel what now I feel—the rack
Of grief that lays me low.
No, no, loved shade—already there,
Where are no scenes like this,
Thou hast exchanged a world of care
For never-ending bliss. Metrop.

Sarge Froid.—Our readers probably recollect the anecdote of Junot, who, when a sergeant at the battle of Toulon, was called to act as Secretary to Bonaparte, then a captain of artillery. While writing on a drum-head, a cannon ball struck the ground near him and scattered the dust and gravel over the page on which he was writing. Without evincing any surprise, or raising his eyes from the paper, he coolly observed, "How fortunate; I wanted some sand for my paper, and here it is." He then turned over the leaf and resumed his occupation!

An instance of coolness in the hour of danger, exhibited by one of our countrymen, has been lately related to us by an eye witness, and which we think is still more remarkable. In the midst of the sanguinary skirmish at Chateaugay, L. C. during the late war with Great Britain, Mr. C. L., a Surgeon's mate, of the 34th Reg. attached to the corps, thought he would regale himself with a drop of choice stuff from his canteen, with which he was usually well provided. Forgetting the good old proverb, "Between the cup and lip, there is many a slip," he anticipated a delicious draught; but just as he had raised the vessel to a level with his mouth, it was perforated by a musket ball, and the contents began rapidly to disappear. He cast an indignant glance towards the enemy—"O ye scoundrels!" muttered he, "such conduct is too bad.—But I am not to be duped in this way!" So saying, he hastily applied the shattered canteen to his lips, and caught a quantum sufficient of the nectarean fluid, as it rushed like a torrent through the bullet-hole!—*Excerpt News Letter.*

Quizzing Glasses.—None are so blind as those who will not see. We admire, of all things, the pretty dexterity with which nameless damsels of an intermediate age sport their glasses, particularly in churches and crowded assemblies, since flirting fans have been voted decidedly vulgar and anti-eighteen-hundred-and-thirty-twoish. It is marvellous how readily one can recognize a dear friend, even at a great distance, when it requires a telescope to observe a stranger at our elbow.

Nothing is more delightful, of all the peaceful impertinences which characterize the amiable Misses Blondice, than the extractive pleasure—the ineffable contempt—the semblance of admiration—and the look of ignorance—they have acquired the happy faculty of assuming, since their osier necks first bent beneath the weight of gold chains and quizzing glasses. What a terrible misfortune is theirs! To be able, with the naked eye, to distinguish every shade in a bonnet ribband, from the South East to the North West corner of the Church, and yet be totally unable to decide whether the lady in the next pew is Circassian or Ethiopian—or the clergyman in the pulpit, Orthodox or Heterodox, married or single, without squinting at them through a bit of crystal. It is a great pity truly;—so young—so beautiful—so sensible—yet so unhappily short sighted—were it not for the sympathy lavished on the elegant queerities, they would certainly die—and there an end.—*Boston Trans.*

The beautiful and fashionable Miss L., was lately on a visit at the splendid seat of her noble relation, Lord G., in England. Among other *tonish* requirements, the lady had adopted that of very late rising, which not according to the economy of his Lordship's establishments, occasioned her constant absence at the family breakfast table. One morning, however, she very unexpectedly made her appearance as the meal was commencing. His Lordship, on perceiving her, after a slight salutation, took out his tablets and commenced writing in them. Miss L. playfully advanced to him, and said, "My Lord, I know that memorandum concerns me. I must know what it is." Lord G. immediately handed her the tablet, in which she read the following: "April 12, Venus is now a morning star."

Religious Courtship.—A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a most sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the expediency of the case, suggested the following plan; he politely handed his fair neighbor a bible, opened, with a pin stuck in the following text: 2d epistle of John, verse 5th, "And now I beseech thee,

lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the following: 2d chapter of Ruth, 10th verse, "Then she fell down on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why should I find grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the 12th verse of the 3d epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write it with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview the marriage took place the ensuing week.

A Fact for non-contagionists.—In a Russian village (says Captain Frankland) whose name I have forgotten, the unhappy peasantry, shut up in their miserable hovels by a sanitary cordon, seized upon two doctors, who had been stationed there by the government, and to whose reports they attributed their being cut off from all the sympathies and succors of humanity. The infuriated peasants tied these unlucky doctors breast to breast to the warm and livid corpses of two victims to the cholera. "You say that the cholera is contagious; we say that it is not. If it be as you say, you shall prove your words; if it be not, we have returned you good for evil, for, if you survive, you will undeceive the Gov. General, and make your own fortune." With this bitter irony they threw the doctors into the pit dug for the bodies of the cholera dead, where they remained for two days and nights, and were at last released from their horrid prison by some charitable females, who came in the night and freed them. These men did not take the cholera.

Matrimony—the Irish Girls.—A very singular occurrence lately happened in the bounds of the Rev. Thomas Dugall's congregation, of Vinecash. Mr. Dugall had risen to marry a respectable couple, and met them in the adjoining room, when an alarm spread that the young lady had left her father's house, and fled to the object of her first love, who happened to be in a field adjacent to the house. In about two hours after, Mr. Dugall was beckoned away and told that his services were required in a neighbouring house, where he united this respectable young female, not to the person who came to her father's house to be married, but to the young man who had gained her affections. The marriage ceremony was performed amidst various congratulations of the party met, the elderly matrons saying, "people are not sure of the bit that is going into the mouth," while a number of respectable young females simultaneously responded, "small blame to her to take the boy of her choice." The very road-makers, returning home after the toils of the day, contributed to the sports of the evening, cheering, and shouting as they passed the bridal house, "long may the cups continue plenty and the girls hearty." It is very remarkable, that this is the third case of nearly a similar kind which has happened within the last nine months in the same townland.—*News Letter.*

"A kind of protest."

Sir Walter Scott.—The answer to inquiries yesterday morning at the Hotel in Jernyn street, was, that Sir Walter had passed a tolerably good night, and up to 10 o'clock he was composed, and at intervals appeared collected; notwithstanding he remains in a most exhausted state, not having taken sufficient nourishment for these nine days. Within the last 48 hours a favorable change has certainly taken place.—*London, June 27.*

Atrocious Outrage.—A proclamation, dated on Friday week, and signed by Lord Melbourne, states that, on the 25th of April, a gun, loaded with slugs and shot, was fired into a dissenting Chapel, near the village of Llanstynnyd, in the county of Carnarvon, where upwards of 100 persons were assembled in the performance of religious worship, 11 of whom were more or less wounded. A free pardon is offered to any one concerned (except the person or persons who actually discharged the gun,) who shall discover the perpetrator of the outrage.—*ib.*

American Institute of Instruction.—The Boston papers notice, that its annual meeting will be held in that city, on the 23d inst.

Lectures, on practical subjects, connected with education, will be delivered, during the session. Essays will be read and discussions introduced. Competitors for the prize, for the best Essay on the teaching of penmanship, are reminded that the time of reception is limited to the first of August. Essays to be addressed to the Recording Secretary of the Institute, Boston.

The annual commencement of *Georgetown College* was held on the 26th ult. Six gentlemen received the degree of A. B., and four that of A. M. Medals and premiums were also distributed to students who had distinguished themselves.

Rail Road Accident.—Last week, as a party were ascending the Quincy Rail Road in one of the returning cars, the chain gave way, and they were precipitated over the precipice, a distance of twenty or thirty feet. Mr. Thomas Backus, of Cuba, was killed; Mr. J. G. Gibson, of Boston, had both legs broken; Mr. W. G. Bend, of Baltimore, was severely, and Mr. Andrew Belknap, of Boston, slightly injured.

HYMN, FOR FAST DAY.

The following Hymn was sung in several of the Churches on the day of public religious observance last week.

GREAT GOD! in this distressing hour,
We feel thy justice, and thy power,
And in the dust, before thy throne,
Thy mercy plead, thy judgments own.

Sickness and Death, at thy command,
Spread terror o'er our guilty land,
And, in the midst of awful gloom,
Sweep countless victims to the tomb.

Lo! the Destroying Angel flies,
With flaming sword across the skies,
And sheds, in deep and wild dismay,
Terror by night, and fear by day.

In mercy, Lord! extend thy care,
Our suffering, mourning city spare;
Oh! speak the kind forgiving word,
And bid the Angel sheathe his sword.

And may the incense of our praise,
Ascend before thy throne of grace,
And every humble, fervent prayer,
Meet with a blest acceptance there.

Then shall the contrite souls rejoice,
With grateful hearts, and cheerful voice,
And with united lips proclaim
The honour of thy sacred name.

From the Atlas.

EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF AN ACCOMPLISHED KNAVE.

We take the portions which are suited to our object, from a tale of great length contained in a late number of one of our English magazines. Parts of the story have met our notice elsewhere; but as this episode may be given separately, and has an instructive as well as interesting character, we extract it.

* * * * * Sir William Gwynne, a wealthy and powerful baronet in Shropshire, who had retired to his library after dinner, to write several letters of importance, and was in the act of drawing on his velvet dressing-gown,—was informed by his valet that a gentleman had just arrived at the Hall, who desired to speak with him on urgent business.

"Show him in," said the baronet, sitting down to his study-chair, which he drew around to the fire. His visitor in a few minutes made his appearance, announcing himself as Mr. Oxleigh,—a solicitor, residing at a little distance from Shrewsbury. He was a short, squat, ugly, Jew-featured man, with a muddy black piercing eye—the bean ideal of a country pettyfogger—with 'rogue' written all over his face in characters of impudence. The haughty baronet was sufficiently disgusted with the man at first sight—but much more with his vulgar, offensive nonchalance.

"Sir William," said he, carelessly, approaching a chair, nearly opposite to the frowning baronet—"I am afraid this is intruding upon you—an inconvenient"—"Your business, Sir, I pray," interrupted the baronet, with a stern impatience of tone and manner, that somewhat abashed the attorney; who, instead of sitting down in the chair, as he had intended, stood leaning a moment against the back of it.

"Allow me, Sir William, to take a seat," said he, in a somewhat humbler tone, "as the business I am upon may be long and wearisome to both of us."—"Be seated, Sir—and brief," replied the baronet, haughtily, drawing back his own chair, but with a little surprise in his features.

"I believe, Sir William," proceeded Oxleigh, leisurely taking out one of a packet of papers, tied together with thin red tape, "that the rental of the Gwynne estates is from £25 to £30,000 per annum?"—"What the d— do you mean, Sir?" slowly inquired the baronet, sitting forward in his chair, and eyeing Oxleigh with unforgotten amusement.

"I believe I am correct, Sir William?" continued the attorney, with a cool composure and impudence that confounded his aristocratical companion.—"Be good enough, Mr.—a—a— whatever your name is—be good enough, Sir, to state your business, and with draw!"—said the baronet, in a commanding tone.

"I am afraid, Sir William, that my business will take longer to settle than you seem to imagine," continued Oxleigh, with immovable assurance. The baronet made an effort to control himself; or, being a powerful man, he might have thrust his presumptuous visitor out of his presence, some what unceremoniously.

"I should be sorry, Sir William, either to say or do any thing displeasing or disrespectful—but my duty compels me to say, that in the important business I am come about I must be allowed my own time, and my own way of going about it. It appears, Sir William—" proceeded the attorney, who would-be calmness, though his hands trembled visibly, and his voice was thick and hurried.—"My good Sir, your business, whatever it be, had better be transacted with my steward. If you really have any business that concerns me, Sir, you clearly do not know how to communicate with me. Bundle up your papers, Sir, and retire!" said the baronet, rising to ring his bell.

"Sir William—Sir William!" exclaimed Oxleigh, earnestly, rising from his chair; "pray—allow me—one instant, only. I can say one word that will make you, however indisposed you now are, willing—nay, anxious—to hear me?"—"What does—that call this mean, Sir?" inquired the baronet, pausing, with the bell-rope still in his hand.

"Only this, Sir William," said the attorney, putting his packet of papers into his pocket, and buttoning his coat; "I could have wished to communicate it in a friendlier manner. You think you have a right to the title of Sir William Gwynne, and these large estates. You have, however, no more right to them than your obedient humble servant, Job Oxleigh, to command." The baronet's hand dropped from the bell-rope—the colour left his cheek for a moment, and he stared at the attorney in silence. "Why, you caith!" slowly exclaimed the baronet; and, calmly approaching Mr. Oxleigh, he grasped him with overpowering strength by the collar, holding him for a second or two, and looking in his face as one would into that of a snarling dog, whom one holds by the throat; and then with a violent kick jerked him from him to the further corner of the room, where he lay prostrate on the floor, the blood trickling from his mouth, which had caught the corner of a chair in falling. After continuing there, apparently stunned, for a few moments, he rose, and wiping the blood from his lips, staggered towards the baronet, who, with his arms folded, was standing before the fire.

"Sir William Gwynne you have drawn blood from me, you see," said he, calmly pointing to his spotted handkerchief; "and, in return, be assured I will drain your heart of every drop of blood it contains. I will draw down the law upon you like a millstone, which shall utterly crush you. Great and high man that you are," he continued, in the same calm tone, uninterupted by him he addressed, "it is in my power to drag you into the dust—to strip you of all you unjustly possess—to turn you out of this hall a beggar, and expose you to the world as an impostor. Do you hear me, Sir William Gwynne?"—All this was uttered by Oxleigh with the accuracy and impressiveness of a man, who, unwilling to trust to extempore wording in a matter of the last importance, has carefully pondered his language, and even committed words to memory. When he had finished speaking, he paused, and watched the baronet, who continued standing motionless and silent before the fireplace as before; but his countenance wore an expression of seriousness, if not agitation, and his eye was settled on that of Oxleigh, as if he would have searched his soul. "Mr. Oxleigh," said he, in a lower tone than he had before spoken in—"Whether you have, or have not, ground for what you say, you are a very bold man to hold such language as yours to—Sir William Gwynne! You must know, Sir, that I am a magistrate; and, as you profess to be a lawyer, you must further know I can at once commit you to prison for coming to extort money from me by threats. That would be a serious charge, Mr. Oxleigh, you know well.—Have I mentioned money, Sir William?" inquired Oxleigh calmly. "But commit me—commit me this moment. You shall the sooner get rid of your title and estate."

"Why, you impudent man, do you dare come here to bandy words and threats with me?"—Calling names is not talking reason, Sir William; and hard words break no bones," replied Oxleigh, with a bitter smile. "I call you no names, Sir William, and yet I call you by your wrong name; for I shall elsewhere prove you to be *Master William Gwynne*—not *Sir William*! I can afford to be civil, because I have you quite within my grasp as closely as I could wish my deadliest enemy. I am in condition to prove that you are not the rightful heir of this property; that there is some one living who has a *prior right* under the entail."

"You—swindler!" said Sir William, striding up to him, seizing him a second time by the collar, and slaking him head to foot.—"Sir William Gwynne—Sir William—you must pay me handsomely for all this—you must indeed!" panted Oxleigh, nowise enraged. "You had better be calm and count the cost! Every kick, thrust, and shake you give me, is worth its thousands! You are a magistrate, Sir William, you tell me. Have you not committed an assault on me—a breach of the peace? However, I do not come to quarrel with you, nor am disposed to do so even yet, all as you have used me; but to tell you that your *all* on earth is at the mercy of him you insult!"

Sir William Gwynne was boiling over with fury; yet he controlled himself sufficiently to say—or rather to gasp, "Well, Sir—simply because I cannot think you a madman—and a madman among the maddest you must be to behave thus without knowing well your ground"—(Oxleigh smiled contemptuously)—"I am ready to hear what you have to say. Go on, Sir. You may sit down, if you choose." The baronet set down in his easy-chair, and Oxleigh took a seat opposite to him.

"Not liking to trust my memory in such matters as this, Sir William," said he, leisurely, "I have committed to paper what I have to say to you, and beg your permission to read it." The baronet nodded haughtily, and his features were a very concerned air. Mr. Oxleigh drew out of his hat a sheet of paper, and distinctly read as follows:—"Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne died in 1673, bequeathing his estates to his eldest son, Fowler Gwynne Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; but if his first son died without having been married and leaving male issue, then to his second son, Glendower Fowler Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; if his second son, however, died unmarried, and without leaving male issue, then to the heirs male of Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne's niece, Mary Gwynne Evans, on condition that they took the name of 'Gwynne.'"

"Sir Fowler Gwynne entered, and died at sea, unmarried, in 1683; when his brother, Glendower Fow-

ler Gwynne, entered on the titles and estates—was afterwards married, and had two children—"

"Both of whom died," interrupted Sir William eagerly, who had been listening with undisguised and intense anxiety.—"But one of them left issue," continued Oxleigh, calmly,—and that issue I can produce! Gavin Evans, son of Ellen Evans, (your father, Sir William,) entered in 1740; and had about as much right to do so as I.—Do I make myself clear, Sir William?"

"And do you pretend, Mr. Oxleigh," said the baronet, rather faintly, yet striving to assume a smile of incredulity,—do you dare to assert, Mr. Oxleigh, that there is now living lawful issue of Sir Glendower Gwynne?"—"Yes, Sir William, I do—and can prove it. I can reduce your infirm title to dust with a breath whenever I please; and thus—Sir Glendower—as doubtless you know, Sir William—died in 1740, and without male issue, as you imagine, leaving him surviving; but I can show you, that though his daughter Ellen died, unmarried, his son, William Fowler Gwynne, was married in 1733."

"It is false as hell!—It is false! It is false!" exclaimed the baronet, vehemently—half choked, yet continuing in his chair, with his eye fixed on Oxleigh.—"Tis too true, Sir William—too true for you, I'm afraid!—I say, William Fowler Gwynne was secretly married to Sir Glendower's housekeeper in 1733, and had a son by her in 1738, a few months only before he himself died. I can produce all the necessary registers and certificates, Sir William—I can! The marriage was in the proper full name of William Fowler Gwynne; but immediately afterwards his wife dropped the name of Gwynne, and settled in a distant part of Somersetshire, under the name of Fowler; but her son was carefully christened by the name of Gwynne. It is a strong case, Sir William—what we call in law, a *very strong prima facie case*," continued Oxleigh, bitterly. "I can, at a day's notice, produce that son, who is the proper heir and holder of all you now have—who is now more than of age—"

"Why, sirrah! even on your own showing, I am safe, you—pettinger, if by right of possession only.—Pardon me, pardon me, Sir William! There are nine years and a quarter, and more, yet to expire, before that can be the case. I have calculated the time to a minute! And now Sir William Gwynne, said Oxleigh, with a startling change of tone, "pay me for the kick you gave me!"

The baronet continued silent; though the working of his features showed the prodigious tempest that agitated within.—Let me be frank, Sir William. I do not presume to *blame* you, for calling yourself a baronet, and enjoying these fine estates: it was done in ignorance;—but it is hard,—very, very hard to give them up, Sir William!"

"Why, there glares an improbability, if not a falsehood, on the very face of what you say," said the baronet, in a low tone. "How could the—given that swindled William Fowler out of his name and land, and put in claim on behalf of her son till now!"—"You cannot escape me, Sir William!" Mrs. Fowler died in childhood, and had changed her residence, by her husband's order, but a week before her confinement. She did not live to explain the nature of her son's rights and birth. I, however, know them well, though at first through blessed accident; and have for months fretted out every fact that can establish the right of the woman's son to the title and estates you now hold. There is not, however, another person breathing but our two selves, that know of this—in deed there is not, Sir William!"

"Have you here the proofs of all this?" inquired the baronet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and looking anxiously at the packet of papers which lay in Oxleigh's hat. Mr. Oxleigh instantly untied them, and proffered them to Sir William, who suddenly snatched them up, crushed them together, and with frantic violence of gesture flung them into the blazing fire, where, in an instant, they were reduced to ashes. Mr. Oxleigh looked on with composure, making not the slightest effort to rescue them. "Well!—it is but the trouble of another copy from the originals—"

"Copy! Copy!" murmured Sir William, agitated, sinking back overwhelmed into his chair.

"Yes!—You have burnt copies only, Sir William. And could you really suppose I should bring here the original documents on purpose for you to destroy them? We lawyers, Sir William, are generally considered a cautious set of men, and do not usually fling ourselves head and foot into the hands of the enemy! And look'ee, Sir William," continued Oxleigh fiercely, taking a small pocket-pistol from his bosom, cocking it, and levelling it at the baronet—"since I cannot otherwise obtain civility, I shall avenge any future insult you may dare to offer me on the spot. If you menace me never so little,—if you lift but your little finger threateningly towards me, by—by—I will shoot you through the heart. I cannot be insulted, even by Sir William Gwynne!" said he with sarcastic emphasis. The baronet looked at him as if he were stupefied with what he had seen and heard.

"Have you any further commands with me in this business, Sir William, or is it *now* your pleasure that I should withdraw?" inquired Oxleigh.—"Yes—with-draw, Sir! Begone!—I will set off to-night for London—I will lay your atrocious conduct before the Secretary of State—I will seek the advice of eminent counsel—"

"Do not you think, then, Sir William, that one depository of such a secret as this is quite enough? Would you rather prefer being at the mercy of a dozen

than one?" The baronet heaved a profound sigh, and looked deadly pale.

"Sit down, Sir," said he in a mournful tone—"pray be seated, Mr. Oxleigh!" Oxleigh bowed, and resumed the chair he had left.

"Put away your pistol, Sir—!"—"Excuse me—pardon me, Sir William!—Forgive me holding it in my hand, after what has happened between us, as an argument for coolness and consideration, till you and I thoroughly understand one another!" The baronet's lips—rather his whole frame—quivered with insuppressible emotion, and his eyes were fixed with a kind of anguished stare on those of Mr. Oxleigh. He suddenly hid his face in his hands, pressed his hair back, and muttered—"Surely, surely, this is all dreaming!"

"It is a dreadful business," exclaimed Oxleigh, "and I see you feel it to be so. I thought you would." The baronet spoke not, but seemed absorbed in deep and bitter reflection. "Sir William," resumed the attorney in a low tone, "is it impossible for us to come to an amicable adjustment?"

"Great Heaven!" groaned the baronet, rising from his chair, and walking hurriedly to and fro; "here is absolutely a wretch, in my own house, tempting me to become a villain!"—"Say, rather, a friend, who would persuade you to prefer safety to destruction, Sir William!"

"And pray, what do you mean, Sir, by—an amicable adjustment?" inquired the baronet sternly, pausing and looking full in Oxleigh's face.—"Surely, Sir William, it is not very hard to imagine a meaning," replied Oxleigh, looking unabashed at the baronet with equal keenness and steadiness. Sir William seemed confounded at the easy effrontery of his companion.

"What, sirrah, do you mean—that you would wish me to meet the person you have been speaking of, and buy him off heavily?"—"No, no, Sir William! such a thought never passed through my head. It would be folly personified. There are ways—of cutting the knot: what you name would but tie it faster."

"You would murder him then?" said the baronet in a hollow tone, eyeing Oxleigh with horror.—"Oh no, Sir William, no! There are other ways yet of disposing of him, and finally securing you. What, for instance, if he were quietly sent out of the country, and kept abroad, without knowing how, why, or by whom? If you can but keep him there for nine years, it will be enough; you are safe—his right is barred—he is shut out forever!"

"What! why do you pretend to intimate—do you wish me to believe that such conduct could be practised with impunity? That you could by such means cheat him out of his rights, in spite of God and man?"—"I do." The baronet walked about, frequently stopping, evidently in deep and agitating thought; and at length sat down exhaustedly in his chair in silence. He closed his eyes with his hands, and looked that moment as wretched a man as breathed.

"How am I to know, Sir, that you are not, after all, a common swindler—have come here with this trumped up stuff for the basest purposes?" inquired the baronet, with a scowl of mingled pride and despair.—"By going to the parish church of Gristone, and for yourself comparing my copies, which I will once more, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, with stinging emphasis, "cause to be put into your hands to-morrow, with the original registers and certificates; and if you prove me wrong—that I have deceived you in anything—in a single title of what I have said—hand me over at once to the pillory, transportation, or death!"

"I will, Sir!" replied the baronet, with a searching look at Oxleigh; who resumed—"Sir William, I am a lawyer, and a calculating one. I have looked well to the end of what I am doing. Permit me, therefore, to say, that my arrangements will not allow of delay. You must choose your alternative—beggary, or a baronetry with £30,000 a-year! And again, Sir William," continued Oxleigh, drawing out his words slowly, "there are what we lawyers call *MERE PROFITS* to be accounted for! What will become of you? The baronet shuddered. The bare possibility, the distant contingency of such a thing was frightful. To be not only shorn of his title, income, and standing in society, but have to disgorge two or three hundred thousand pounds to his supplanter! Fearful thoughts and prospects—bloody schemes began to gleam before the disturbed intellects of Sir William Gwynne. What an awful change had a few minutes only wrought in him, his situation, his prospects! Here was a low fellow, a scoundrel, swindling pettifogger, hearing and bullying him in his own house; flashing ruin, disgrace, starvation before his shrinking eyes—coolly goading and edging him on to the perpetration of villainy and cruelty, and requiring, doubtless, a participation in the profits! These maddening thoughts kept him long silent.

"Are you, permit me to inquire, thinking of what I have said, Sir William?"—"I am thinking you are too great a villain to live, Sir; and that I had better knock you on the head, and so rid the world of such a ruffian!" replied the baronet, with a desperate air.

"Suppose you did, Sir William: a lawyer, like an eel, is hard of dying. I have made such arrangements as, even were you to succeed in killing me on the spot here, this night, and which would not, possibly, be without danger,—glancing from his pistol to Sir William—"it would do you no good, but rather ruin you at once in every way, with no possibility of escape. I told you I had calculated, Sir William—"

"Oh!—your terms, Sir?" gasped the baronet, interrupting Oxleigh, as though he felt his fate pressing

him on.—"Why, I don't know, exactly, whether I could name them at a moment's warning. It is, I presume, superfluous to say, that I must be paid well for any assistance I may render you. Nay, may I not name any terms I choose?—Is it not I who am to dictate?"

"What are your terms, Sir?" repeated the baronet with an air of consternation at the tone in which Oxleigh spoke: "whatever they are, name them at once. Don't hesitate, Sir. You know, of course, that you are a scoundrel; but circumstances have made you safe, and protected you from a fury that would have annihilated you," gasped the baronet, stamping his foot upon the floor. "Name your terms at once. They may be so exorbitant and monstrous, that I may determine, at all risks, to refuse them, and defy you, devil out of hell, as you are!"

"Well, Sir William it is of course for yourself to know best your own interests. Let me, however, request you, Sir William, to bear in mind what small courtesy you have this evening deserved at my hands. I would have treated you with the pity due to misfortune."—"Oh, God! oh, God! that I must bear all this!" groaned the baronet, compressing his arms with convulsive force upon his breast. Oxleigh smiled.

"I have little further to add to what I have said, Sir William, unless you are disposed to come to terms. It will be a terrible thing for you, if I leave your house to-night without something like a very definite understanding with you. I will be straightforward with you, Sir William, and in a word or two, tell you that, to secure my secrecy and co-operation in concealing the fact of this young man's, Fowler's, existence,—sending him abroad and keeping him there,—you must convey to me the fee of a certain estate of yours, in the neighborhood of the house where I live, worth, as I reckon it, £2000 per annum; and further, must cause it to be believed by the world that I have been a *bona fide* purchaser of it." The baronet bit his lips, but evidenced no symptoms of astonishment or anger. "Well, Sir, said he modestly, "I suppose I must consider your proposal."

"But allow me, Sir William,—do you consider it *unreasonable*, supposing you to have ascertained the truth of my representations?"—"Why, certainly, Sir, you might have been more extravagant," replied the baronet, gloomily, and with a reluctant air.

"But, further, Sir William, this must be done with no ill grace—no airs of condescension! It must be done as between gentlemen," continued the attorney; "you and I must hereafter know each other, and associate together as equals—the baronet's blood boiled, and his eye flashed—"we must be intimate, and I shall expect the honor of your good word, and introduction to your friends of the county generally."—"While Oxleigh said all this, the tears of agony were several times nearly forcing themselves from Sir William. He rose from his chair, exclaiming in a low tone, "I—I cannot think that all this is real!"

"Will you allow me to remind you that pen, ink and paper are before you, Sir William, and will you favor me with your written promise to convey to me the property in question?"—"It will be time enough to think of that, Sir, to-morrow, after we shall have inspected the parish register."

"Excuse me, Sir William, but, with submission, we can do it now, *conditionally*. Nothing like written accuracy on such occasions as these."—"Well, Sir!" exclaimed the baronet, with a profound sigh; and, flinging himself down in his chair, he seized pen and paper, and wrote, pretty nearly to the dictation of the attorney: "Sir William Gwynne, baronet, of Gwynne Hall, Shropshire, engages to convey to Job Oxleigh, Esq., of Oxleigh, in the same county, the fee simple of a certain estate of the said Sir William Gwynne, situate in the same county, and known by the name of 'The Sheaves,' now of a rental of £2000 per annum, provided the said Job Oxleigh shall prove the truth of his representations, and make good the undertakings specified by him to me, this 15th of October, 1760. And, as the said estate is portion of the estate entailed upon me, I hereby engage to suffer a recovery of the same, in order to cut off the entail, for the purpose of alienating such portion thereof as is above specified. WILLIAM GWYNNE, Gwynne Hall, 15th October, 1760."

Mr. Oxleigh carefully read this agreement over, folded it up, put it into his pocket-book, and expressed himself satisfied with it. "Now, Sir William," said he, in an altered tone, "we understand one another, and may therefore proceed to business."—"Mr. Oxleigh—Mr. Oxleigh, not quite so fast, Sir! I have not yet ascertained the truth of your extraordinary representations: till which is done, I will not stir one step in the proceedings. I expect, in the course of to-morrow to be shown the marriage, baptismal, and burial registers, and to be put in possession of the name and residence of the young man we have been speaking of. And you will allow me, Sir, to take this opportunity of telling you two things: that if I should find myself, after all, deceived by you, by my God, I will get you hanged; or, if that cannot be done by law, I will shoot you through the head. And I beg, secondly, that you will not talk so much like my equal—in such a strain of familiarity with me. Sir, I care not what you say to this, or how mortified you look. I cannot and will not, bear such freedom. It chokes me to hear the tone of your speech to me. We shall never be friends so long as you forget that I am a gentleman and a baronet, and you—but no matter. Sir, it is against my nature to endure liberties of any kind." The baronet said all this sternly and bitterly, and drew

himself up to his full height as he concluded. The attorney was abashed by the flashing eye and proud bearing of the baronet, and stammered something indistinctly about the respect 'certainly due to misfortune.'

'Sir, your attention a moment,' said the baronet, abruptly, seeing Oxleigh rising as if to go; 'tell me what is to be done in this matter, supposing all to prove true that you have said. How is this young man to be found? how is he to be got securely rid of?' inquired the baronet, anxiously.—'Why, Sir William, I see no other safe and sure way than—kidnapping him in the night—blindfolded—his arms bound—and in that fashion conveyed abroad. We could soon get him to the Channel.'

'And who is to do all this? Must we have more depositaries of our secret?' inquired the baronet with a bitter smile, echoing the expression a short time before used by Oxleigh: 'Do you pretend to say that your own hands are sufficient for this cruel—this horrid work?'—'No, Sir William; nor yet are yours sufficient, even with mine; but we must neither of us, therefore, be idle. We must hire at least two desperate fellows, and pay them well—stop up their mouths with bank notes; and, besides, there is no need for them to be entrusted with the reasons of what they are doing: we can easily give them any story we like.'

'It is a frightful business! Uem, the devil has taught you how to make a villain in a moment out of a man who, but an hour ago, might have believed his soul to be full of honor and nobility! I am undone! I am fit for hell, for even listening to you!'—'Well, it is easily remedied: I can tell you a way of preserving spotless honor—'

'What do you mean, Sir?' inquired the baronet, abruptly.—'By simply giving up your *all*—surrendering your title and estates to a waggoner—a common waggoner,—making up to him two or three hundred thousand pounds,—and earning your own bread for the rest of your life. That, now, Sir William would certainly be noble!'—The baronet groaned.—'We are all the creatures of circumstances, Sir William; we must all yield to fate!'—'Patter your nonsense elsewhere, Sir,' replied the baronet angrily: 'I want no devil's preaching here!'

'I wonder, Sir William,' retorted Oxleigh, roughly nettled by the lofty bearing of the baronet, and the contemptuous tone in which he addressed him, 'you can so easily forget that I, who am really and in fact your *master*, yet consent to become your friend—your adviser! Have I not been moderate in my demands? What if I had demanded half your fortune?'—'And how do I know but you will hereafter? Let me advise you, Mr. Oxleigh, not to irritate a desperate man; for I now tell you, that if you were to increase your demands upon me above what is already, perhaps, too easily conceded, I would certainly take your life!'

'Sir William—I had better be frank with you, as I said before—I never thought I should be free from danger—though 'nothing venture, nothing have'—that my life would be otherwise than in perpetual jeopardy—and so I will at once tell you what arrangements I have made to provide for my own security. I have drawn up a full statement of the matters which I have mentioned to you this evening, sealed it up, and placed it in the hands of my London agent, with explicit directions for him to open it, directly he hears of my death, either naturally or violently, for at least nine years to come; so that not only would it do you no good to take away my life, Sir William, but it would immediately ruin you.'—'Ah! well, here, then, is an end of our bargain. Give me up the paper, have put into your hands! I will not treat with you on such terms!'—said the baronet, his face blanched to a whiter hue than before.

'You cannot help yourself, Sir William,' replied the attorney, calmly. 'Only be pleased to reflect—and you will yourself see that you cannot.'—'Mr. Oxleigh,' said the baronet, suddenly, 'I have been thinking of this matter. Supposing all to be as you say, and it should prove necessary to send this man out of the country, there is surely, there can certainly be, no need for my appearance or meddling in the business?—I need not, personally, have a hand in it!—Cannot I leave it all to you, Mr. Oxleigh, and your assistants?'

'Then, Sir William, what security would you have? How would you know that I had really performed my promise to you? That I had not played you false?—Besides, Sir William, this is a dangerous, a very black business—a perilous, a deadly job; and I cannot consent to bear it all upon my own shoulders—to stand alone in it. You must help me, Sir William—must work as hard, and risk as much as I. Our hands must both assist in removing this obnoxious person!—I am a man of my word, Sir William—I cannot forego this!—To be equally safe, we must be equally guilty, Sir William!—equally committed to each other!'

'Pray, Sir, what did you say was this young man's name?'—'William Fowler Gwynne—but he goes by the name of William Fowler only.'

'Does he know that he bears the name of Gwynne, Sir?—Has he any inkling of what you have now been telling me?'—'No more than the dead!'

'What is he now?'—'I am not quite sure, Sir William. He is poor and ignorant—a carter, I believe, or waggoner; but I shall know more by to-morrow.'

'Till to-morrow, then, Sir, we must part,' said the baronet. 'Be here to-morrow at nine, and we will say

more on this subject. Good evening, Sir.'—'Good evening, Sir William, good evening. I shall be with you again at nine to-morrow; and hope we shall then be better friends. Good evening, Sir William!—and Oxleigh presumptuously tendered his hand to the baronet, who reluctantly laid his cold fingers—the flesh creeping the while with disgust—in those of Oxleigh; and in a moment or two he was left alone. He sat back in his ample arm-chair, for nearly two hours, in stupefied silence. He was to have written three or four important election letters, and one to his intended wife, that evening; but being now unequal to the task, he thrust his table from him, rung for candles, and went to bed, saying to his valet that he was ill. It need hardly be said that he passed a fearful night: several times being on the point of leaping out of bed, and committing suicide. True to his time, the villain Oxleigh made his appearance at the Hall as the clock was striking nine. Sir William met him with a fevered brow and blood-shot eyes; and in half an hour's time both of them stepped into the carriage which Sir William had ordered to be in readiness. They drove rapidly into Somersetshire; and Sir William returned thunderstruck with what he had seen—ample and indubitable corroboration of all Oxleigh had told him over night—a ruined, a blighted man. It was long before he recovered the stunning effects of the disclosure. He gradually became passive in the hands of Oxleigh. The servants at the Hall, and Sir William's friends, equally wondered what could be the reason of Oxleigh's perpetual presence at the Hall.

In three weeks' time it was a matter of notoriety over the country, that Job Oxleigh, Esq., of Oxleigh, had purchased 'The Shreves' estate from Sir William Gwynne; and shortly afterwards occurred the seizure with which this narrative commences. Sir William and Oxleigh, with two desperate fellows hired by Oxleigh, were the four that set upon Perster, and subsequently, William Fowler. Sir William became one of the most miserable of men. His altered demeanor and habits became matter of public observation. He contrived to have it given out that he had become addicted to the gaming-table; and the subtle Oxleigh encouraged the rumor—even allowing himself to be thought one of Sir William's winners! That consummate scoundrel contrived to write himself, in two or three years' time, Job Oxleigh, Esq. M. P.; and was on terms of intimate acquaintance with most of the leading men in the county. He easily made his presence, in a manner, necessary to the wretched baronet, whose nobler soul drooped daily under the pressure of guilt contracted in a weak and evil hour; and so wormed himself into his confidence, that what with wheedling and menace, he obtained an introduction to a female relative of the baronet's, and married her.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY, PRESENT WRONGS, AND CLAIMS OF POLAND.

Concluded.

We have detained our readers for a long time, and hurried, in a somewhat desultory manner, over a wide space; but incomplete and imperfect as must necessarily be any short abstract of Polish history, we have not therefore allowed ourselves to be deterred from giving it in such form as our space would permit. For we consider it essential to the justice of her cause to bring Poland under one general view, and not to leave it to the subtlety of the self-interested to select some partial aspect, by which her wrongs may appear less glaring, and a useful veil of forgetfulness be thrown over the early atrocities of the Russian spoliation. There are persons who would willingly forget, and persuade the rest of the world to forget, that such a kingdom as Poland ever existed, and that 20,000,000 Poles, animated by strong national feeling, and proud national recollections, still exist. They would fain regard Poland like Belgium,—as a mere conventional state, that has sprung up from the conflicting interests and jealousies of the great powers of Europe.

But let us not be misunderstood. Indignantly as we recall, and deeply as we deplore, the injuries of Poland, we are not disposed to advocate any wild scheme of restoration. The Congress of Vienna may or may not, have deserted its duty; but whether we regret its decisions or not, we must abide by them. This congress ceded that portion of the grand duchy of Warsaw which now forms the kingdom of Poland to the empire of Russia, upon certain conditions. It was declared to be bound to that power by its Constitution; a Constitution was in consequence given to it; and if words have any meaning, Russia holds it by virtue of that Constitution. She had no prior right to it whatever. It formed a portion of that ancient Poland which, by the constitution of 1791, called the royal house of Saxony to its throne; and which, in 1795, was forcibly seized and allotted to Prussia; from whom in 1807, it was recovered by the Poles and Saxons, aided by the French; and by them replaced as the independent Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under the crown hereditary of Saxony. In 1813 it was overrun by the armies of the alliance formed against Napoleon; and in 1815, the Congress of Vienna, by virtue of the law of the strongest, transferred this country, upon the above stated conditions, to Russia.

The empire of Russia received, and holds the kingdom of Poland by virtue of the treaty of Vienna, and by it alone. So long as she observes that treaty, she has an undoubted right to the constitutional dominion of Poland, and no longer. If she tramples on it, or denies its obligation, then the sovereignty lapses to the representatives of the Congress of Vienna, or

to Prussia, or to its original sovereign, the King of Saxony. The parties to the treaty of Vienna have a clear right to require from Russia either the fulfilment of her contract, or the forfeiture of her benefice. If not, they must confess that they have been outwitted by an all-powerful ally.

If the law of the question be thus clearly in favour of the Poles, so also is the policy. We are not of the school that has a nightmare dread of Russian domination. Were we Austrians or Prussians, we might not, as long as Poland lay in the dust, consider Russia the safest of neighbours. But we in our impregnable isle may laugh her to scorn; our fleets in one campaign would seal up her ports; while nothing short of another coalition, such as that which overthrew Napoleon, can seriously endanger France. Still, though a fifth monarchy be a dream, the undeviating tendency of the policy of Russia in that direction is undeniable; her progress has been gradual, constant, and great. A mighty empire, when formed in one life, has ever suddenly and quickly fallen to pieces. Gradual aggrandizement, bit by bit ambition, is the most sure and the most dangerous. This has been the course of Russia. To progress has been gradual, constant, and great. 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